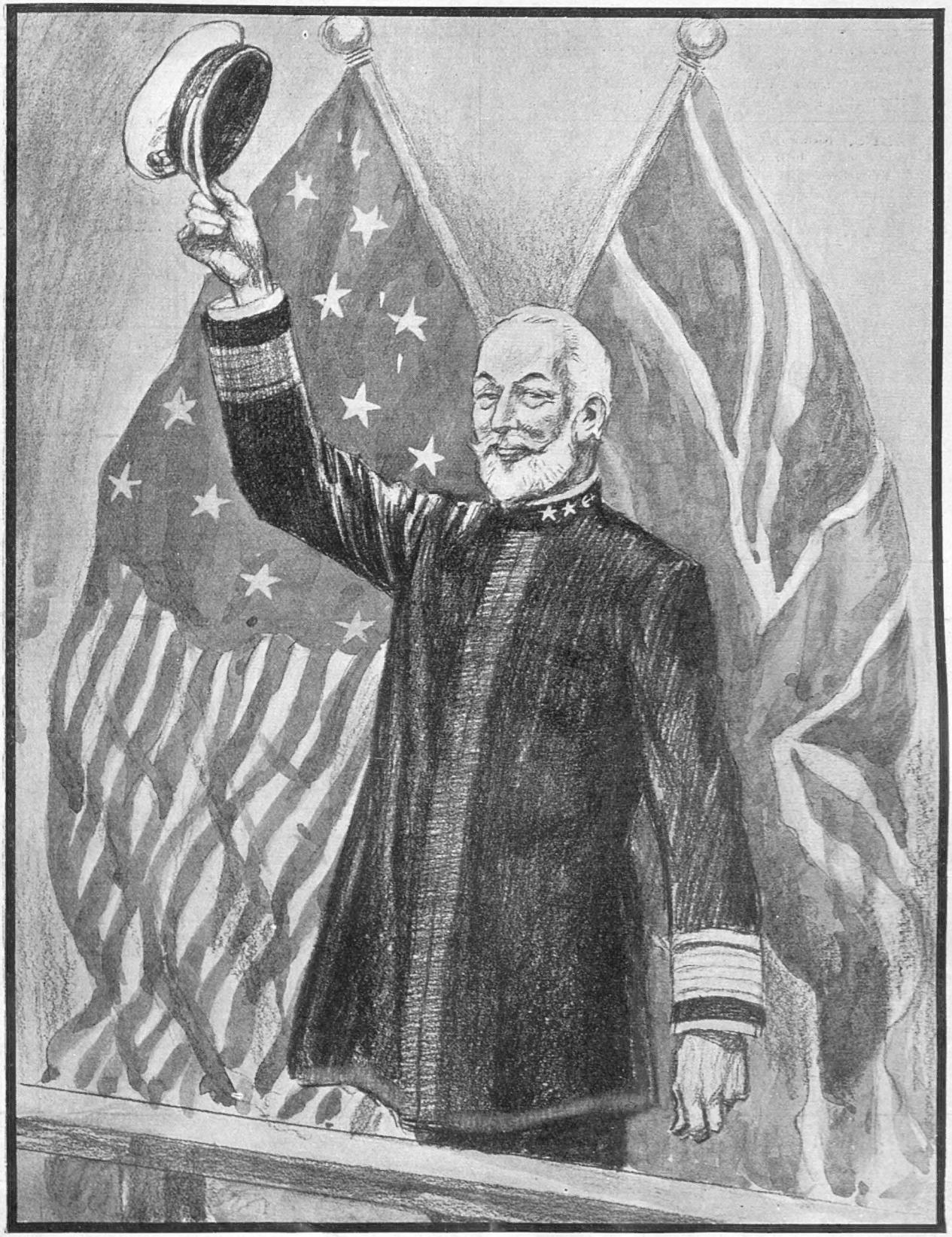
The Bystander, July 6, 1921 No. 918. Vol. LXXI.

The BYSTANDER



BY WILMOT LUNT

"INDEPENDENCE" DAY!

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). 2.30 and 7.45.
MDME. TAMARA KARSAVINA & A CORPS DU BALLET, MISS MAUD ALLAN, GROCK & PARTNER, MARIE NOVELLO, ETHEL VARICK & GWYN ST. ELWYN, BILLY DANVERS, Etc.

COMEDY. (Ger. 3724). NORMAN McKINNEL
in "A FAMILY MAN"
A Comedy by John Galsworthy
NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATS. TUESDAY & FRIDAY at 2.30.

COURT. (Ger. 848). Mr. MALATESTA
A Comedy Drama in 3 Acts
WILLIAM RICCIARDI. Marguerite Scialtiel.
NIGHTLY at 8.30. MATINÉES, WED & SAT., at 2.30.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201) "SYBIL"
JOSE COLLINS and Full Cast.
Every Evening, at 8. Mats. Tues. and Thurs., at 2.15.
Extra Mats., Saturday, July 30 and August Bank Holiday, at 2.15.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). ALBERT DE COURVILLE'S
Gaiety Success
PINS & NEEDLES
Nightly at 8. Matinées, Wednesday & Saturday at 2.15.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR
Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Wed. and Friday, at 2.30.
VIOLET VANBRUGH
in "THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS."

ROYALTY. (Ger. 3855). THE CO-OPTIMISTS
in a Pierrotic Entertainment in 2 Parts.
NIGHTLY at 8.30. MAT., MON., WED., SAT., 2.30.

STRAND. (Ger. 3830). ARTHUR BOURCHIER
in "A SAFETY MATCH." By IAN HAY.
KYRLE BELLEW
NIGHTLY at 8. MATINÉES, WED. and THURS. at 2.30.

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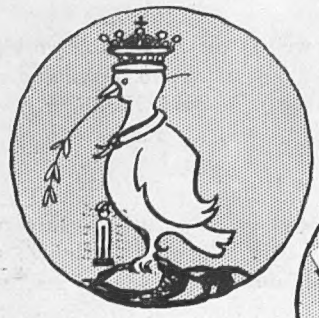
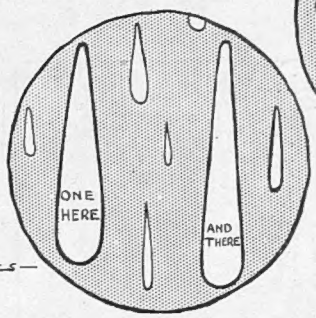
BYSTANDER COMMENTS.

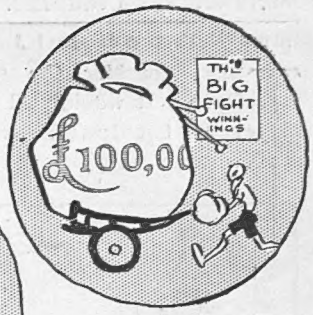


Peace in the Coal Pit reigns once more

The elixir of life at last!



Raindrops are still few and far between



By Victor Hicks

And the day of the *poor* boxer is passed

Canadian Criticism

Some more comments on London of to-day by a trans-Atlantic visitor—this time a Canadian lady. "Why," she asks, "are you so mean with your water? Waiters do not seem to understand that one may want a glass of ordinary, plain water, with ice in it. When at last you have persuaded one to bring you some he generally pours out *one* glass and runs away with the jug. I am almost afraid to enjoy that one glass for fear I shall not get a second!" "Yes, I've been to several kinemas, but your screens are too small. They are not big enough for a good picture—at least, not those I have seen. They only showed scraps of Ascot; we'd have had the whole race!"

Our Bad Theatres

"The theatre—the plays are not so good as when I was last in England a few years before the War. I really saw more good plays in New York last season than I have seen in London. In one thing, however, the London theatre is far better than New York's. A good play in London is all good; that is, the whole cast is good. Everyone is right. In New York there are only two or three good people in one play, the rest are no good at all."

A New "Prince" Story

The same lady told me an interesting little story of the Prince of Wales when he was in Canada, which shows that H.R.H. has the Royal faculty of observation very well developed. When the Prince visited the town—I beg pardon, "city," Canada, like the United States, does not think much of mere "towns"—Well, when the Prince was in this particular city a large number of girls and young women took part in his reception. I forget who or what they were, but at some time during the proceedings they all filed past the Prince, each of them giving him a curtsey and receiving the famous smile. After a while the Prince turned to my friend, who was sitting next to him, and said, "Mrs. ——, this girl in a green hat has passed us *twice* before!" It was a true bill. Not content with one of Prince Charming's smiles, some of these fair young daughters of Canada, after passing the saluting point, slipped out of the line and, running round to the back, joined in again, and so secured two, and some even three, samples of that much coveted smile.

Cricket Iconoclasts

Our Dismal Jimmies are having a glorious time! "What is the matter with our sports?" they shriek and sob. As far as I can see, there is very little the matter with them. The Australians have a magnificent eleven, but some of our people *have* made runs against them, and *have*—alas! not often and not in one match—got each individual of them out fairly cheaply. The glorious luck of the game might grant that all these things should happen in one and the same match. But because Australia has a great eleven is no reason for throwing mud at our own men. I welcomed Sammy Wood's letter to the *Times* last week, in which he said, "I am sure if there were less rubbish written on the subject, the selected English eleven would do much better in future." The Bystander has said the same thing in different words several times.

By Fred Buchanan

THE NEW "TRIPLE ALLIANCE"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

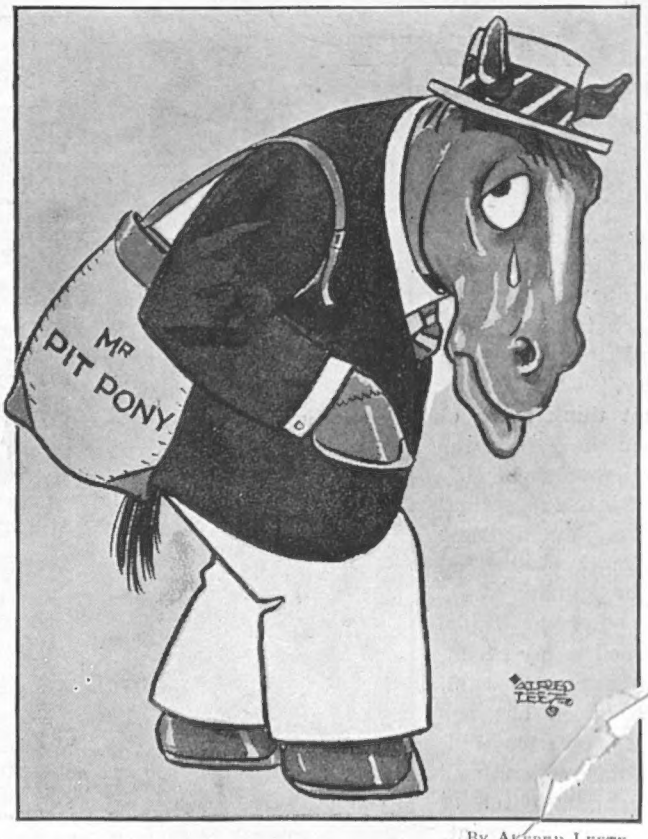
Down with the Dismal Jimmies!

THEN, consider the Golf Championship—the Open. It would still be ours but for a young player of twenty-three—and an amateur, too—inadvertently stepping on his ball. Such a win

By W. E. Wigfull

PANDORA'S BOX

would have been entirely distasteful to the knights of the lawn tennis courts—to the chivalrous Alonso or the Quixotic Shimidzu. But golf must be played like Sarah Battle's whist—barring, of course, the clean hearth. Just a week and a day ago an English four gave the American polo team the game of their lives, which was only settled by an extra chukker and one goal. And so on through the whole lot—we have shown that we still have players of the very first class in every branch of sport—we broke the world's record for seventy-five yards last week. Moreover, our Dismal Jimmies might reflect that we were very much in the War from start to finish. Our visitors depart to all quarters of the globe with laurel wreaths. Good luck to them and hearty congratulations! The laurels grew on our soil. They will go on growing—and for us, as well as the rest of the world. "Made in England," indeed, seems to be the only trade mark worth tuppence on a laurel wreath. After this I must have a spell of modesty for a while.



By Alfred Leete

HIS HOLIDAY OVER

To be Deeply Regretted

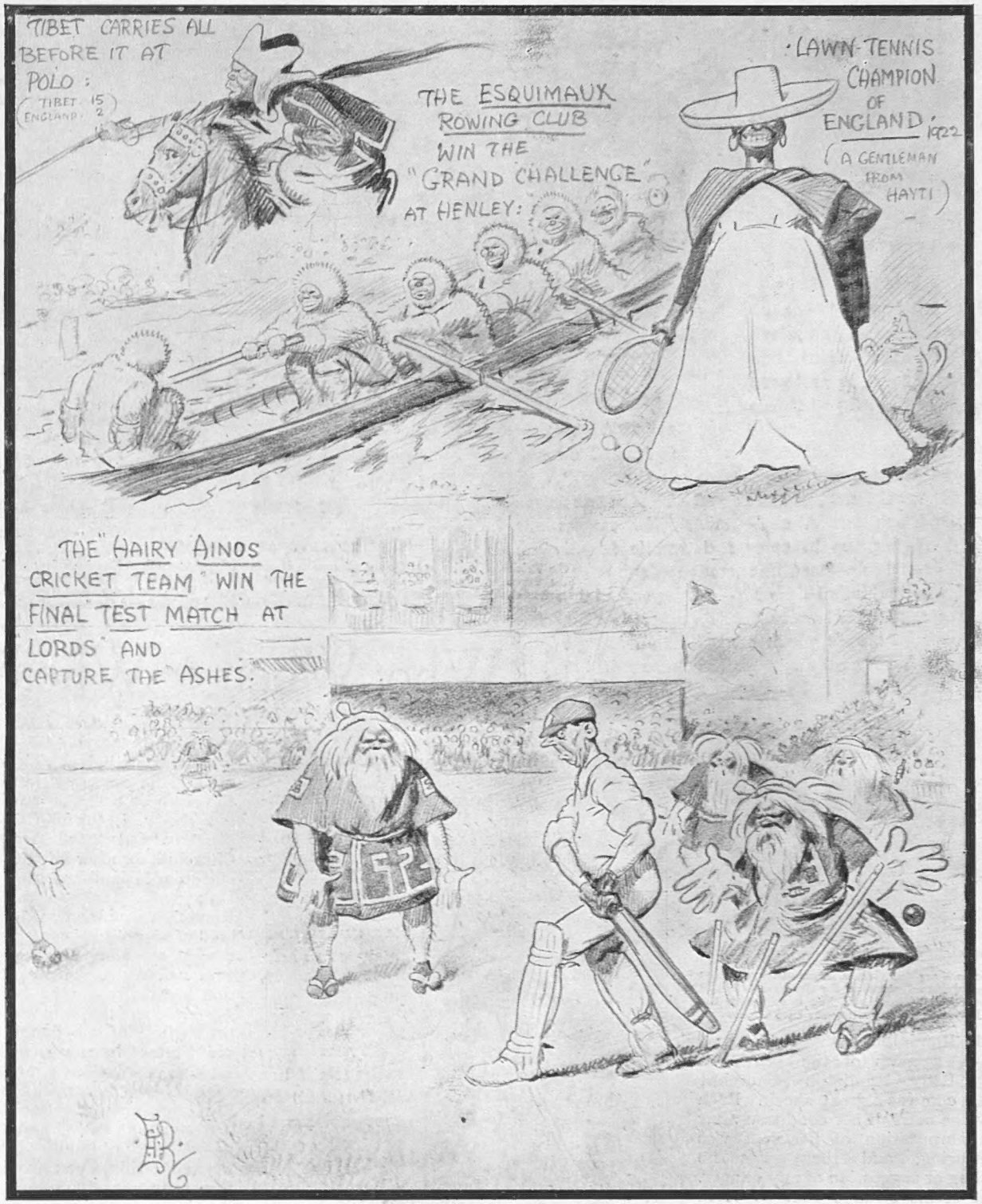
NOTHING, perhaps, could better superinduce a feeling of modesty than to turn one's thoughts for a moment to the late and lamentable coal strike No one can feel proud about that. It is over—but it will be years before we have paid for it. And even now, we are told, it is only settled "*for eighteen months!*" But a lot of things—and people—are going to be found out in the next eighteen months.

The Railways—and the Roads

IT is rather difficult to understand the criticism launched against the railway companies on the ground of their apparent endeavour to get into the road transport business—at any rate, on grounds of public utility as opposed to individual interests. Some years ago the city of Coventry did a large and flourishing business in clocks and watches. The Swiss and the Germans cut them out. So Coventry turned its attention to bicycles, and eventually to motor-cars, and then became even more flourishing than it had ever been before. To-day is the day of road transport. Why should we blame the railways for blossoming out into a new profession? Big commercial concerns, provided they are run in the public interest as well as that of the shareholders—and in the long run these two interests are identical—can do things better and cheaper than the smaller fry. If the railway companies can run a system of road transport over the country with the same efficiency which they have shown during the coal strike—a fact for which most of us who are spending, or intend to spend, holidays by sea and moor have to be extremely grateful—then more power to their elbows, say I.

Seaside Comedies

THE official holiday season, according to one of my best authorities on such matters (a Paddington railway guard), begins this week, and for the next two or three months, though the theatre slump may have killed all the comedies in the West End, little comedy scenes will be played almost daily in the large hotels that abound around this sea-girt isle of ours. They are very amusing to



By E. T. Reed

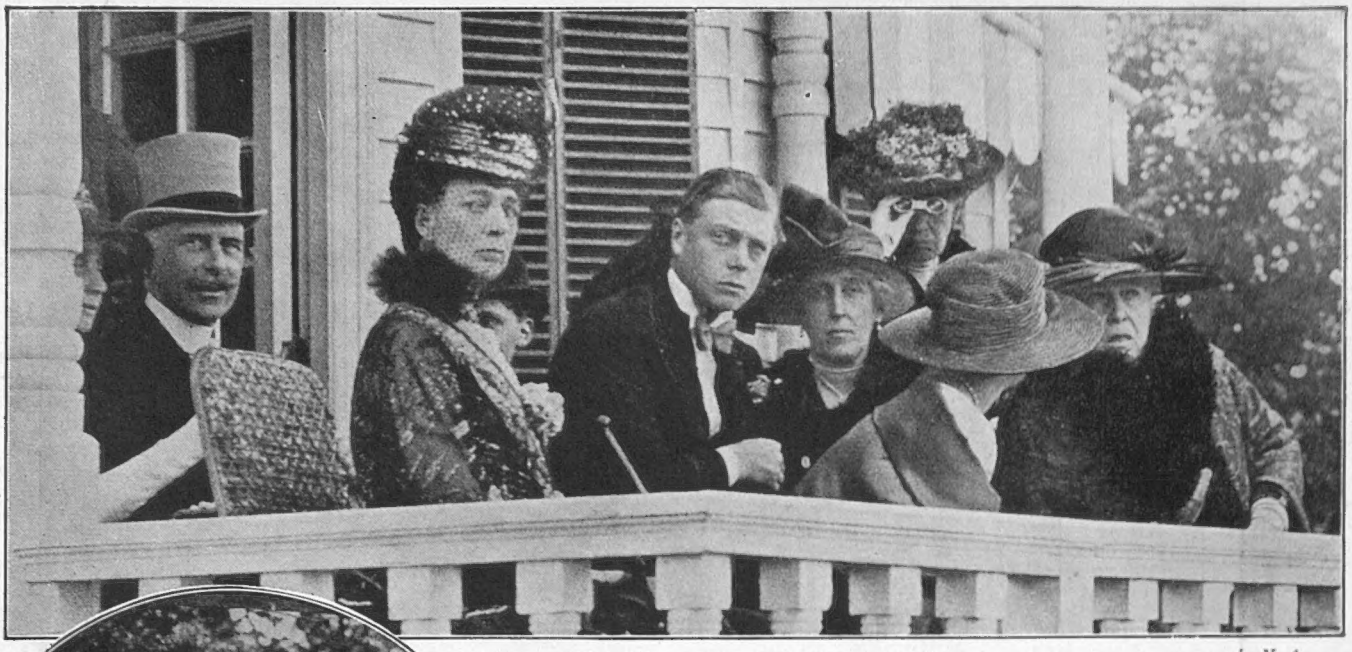
SPORTING POTENTIALITIES OF THE NEAR FUTURE

British supremacy in various sports is plainly destined to pass, for the time at any rate, into other hands, and many startling International struggles may be looked for, say, in 1922

watch, and the variety of their action is almost infinite. The play begins shortly after dinner, as usual, and consists of the sight of two perfectly good British gentlemen trying to make up their minds to become acquainted with each other! We are regarded, I know, by foreign peoples as a cold, phlegmatic race. We do not speak to one another in railway carriages. But, after much trepidation, we do manage it in seaside hotels, and if you watch those two British gentlemen you will, as like as not, find them playing golf together like bosom friends next day!

"Swallows"

"The Mystery of the Swallows" is how a recent newspaper headline runs, and I gather that for some reason or other swallows are not so plentiful in this country as they used to be. My American friends, however, tell me that they have almost entirely vanished from the greater part of that continent. That is understandable. But if we are going to have any more of last week's heat-wave, I suggest that it is high time the Liquor Control Board really got a move on!



Photograph *L. N. A.*

ROYALTY AT RANELAGH

The Prince of Wales and Queen Alexandra at a special polo match at Ranelagh last week, which was arranged, among a series of other games and attractions, to assist the Lord Roberts' Memorial Workshops for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors. With the Prince and Queen Alexandra are Princess Helena Victoria, Princess Christian and the Earl and Countess of Athlone

PRINCESS MARY AT GRAVESEND

Princess Mary was given a tremendous reception on her visit to Gravesend for the garden fête in aid of the local hospital. She is seen with the Mayor while inspecting the Girl Guides

Lady Randolph

THE news of the death of Lady Randolph Churchill came as a great shock. Each day the news of her condition after the amputation of her foot was reassuring, and there was no inkling or suggestion of any danger.

It seems strange that so vivid and sparkling a personality should have been taken away by an accident that in the beginning seemed trifling. A fall upon a staircase; a twisted ankle. That was the first news. People were much concerned when the news came that amputation of the foot was necessary. Lady Randolph's pluck and vitality kept her up—and then came the sudden collapse through hemorrhage. The great world is the poorer because she was a woman of wit and understanding. She was one of the outstanding figures of the old Marlborough House set and of the Edwardian Court.

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Lady Randolph and the Scandalous Tongue

LADY RANDOLPH was an American, Miss Jennie Jerome. When she came to London in 1873 she made a tremendous impression. Beautiful, with dark rich colouring and flashing eyes, and with the readiest wit, she captivated everybody. In the following year she married Lord Randolph Churchill, brother of the then Marquis of Blandford, afterwards Duke of Marlborough. Lord Randolph was then on the threshold of his political career, a close friend of King Edward, then Prince of Wales. A brilliant position lay ready for the beautiful American woman, who was one of the earliest of the daughters of the States to mate with the English peerage. She made that position even more brilliant. Lord Randolph always acknowledged her constant help, and, if the inner history of families could be written, I think you would find Winston Churchill owes as much to his mother in his political career as his father did.

Lady Randolph was a personality. So few people are. She always said exactly what she thought, and I think that was the secret of her popularity with the greatest great in the brilliant years when no party at Marlborough House or Sandringham was complete without her. Her sincerity was refreshing in an atmosphere of courtiers.

But her keen sense of humour took all savour of aggressiveness or didacticism from her outspokenness. She had the rare faculty of gilding the pill of truth

Photograph *Topical Press*

TENNIS WEEK AT WIMBLEDON

The Tennis Championships at Wimbledon have produced some wonderful tennis during this last fortnight; the crowds of spectators were phenomenal, too. The Duke of York with Comdr. Hillyard arriving for the afternoon's play on the Centre Court

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE ROYAL SHOW AT DERBY

Le Comte de Tonnac-Villeneuve, Sir Merrik and Lady Burrell, Captain Saville and Monsieur Ayala at the Royal Agricultural Show at Derby last week

with a coating of wit. Here is an example of what I want to convey to you. At the same time it shows another of Lady Randolph's characteristics—her kindliness and broad-mindedness.

Some years ago I sat opposite to Lady Randolph at a dinner-party. My neighbour was a somewhat waspish maiden rather notorious as a *mauvaise langue*. In conversation Lady Randolph mentioned the name of a lady, whereupon Mademoiselle Mauvaise Langue dissected her character and cast the fragments upon the table.

It was an awkward moment, as everybody knew that the dissected lady was a friend of Lady Randolph's. Leaning across the table and with that curiously quick uplift of the flashing eyes which never lost its charm, she said:

"It's a wise virgin who looks after her own lamp!"

The Theatrical Garden Party

PERHAPS it was the feeling in the air that the coal strike was coming to an end which gave such an exhilaration to the Theatrical Garden Party, but I suspect the presence of the Prince of Wales had a good deal to do with it.

To say the Prince was mobbed is to put it mildly, but his smiling good humour never deserted him, and when somebody apologised for the "general squashing" to which he was being subjected between every tent, he replied that he ought to be getting used to it by now.

Some of the ladies' dresses were marvellous and wonderful. So marvellous and wonderful that a mere man was left with the reflection—who are the dressmakers who create the private garments of some of the lights of the stage, and is it possible for some of those garments ever to be worn a second time? The stage has not emulated the black and white of this year's Ascot.

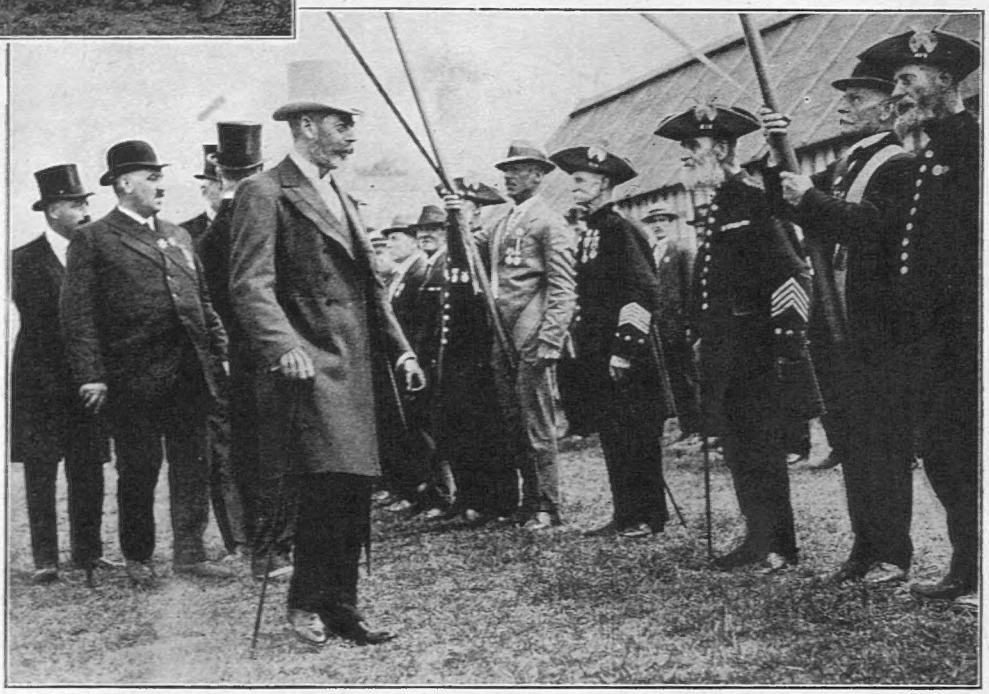
But the ladies' dresses certainly added colour to what local newspapers used to call an "animated scene," and I think a goodly sum must have come in for the Actors' Orphanage.

Henley

HENLEY opened with brilliant prospects. The settlement of the coal strike removed the doubt which has been hovering in the backs of a good many people's minds, "Ought we to do this at a time of such grave industrial unrest?"

The answer to that is—if you stay away you are really adding to the unrest, because every function of this kind gives employment—a fact entirely overlooked by those who prattle tommy-poodle about the "non-productive pleasures of the idle rich." Most people nowadays have to be very busy if they want to be rich.

If you take two forms of "pleasure" only, golf and boating, I wonder how many thousands of people gain their living, directly and indirectly, through both of them, a living they wouldn't have if the theories of some of our amateur Socialists were carried out.



Photograph] **THE KING AT DERBY** *[Farringdon Photo Co.*

His Majesty inspecting the Guard of Honour, formed by ex-Service men and Veterans, at the Royal Agricultural Show, which was very largely attended, and produced some fine examples of Britain's stock

Photographs *Speaight, Ltd.*

KING ALBERT AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

The King and Queen of the Belgians arrived in England on Monday, and proceeded in State to Buckingham Palace, where they will stay during their visit here

Photograph *Keystone View Co.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S STATUE UNVEILED

The unveiling of Houdin's statue of George Washington took place in Trafalgar Square last Thursday, the ceremony being performed by Miss Judith Brewer. There was a large number of Americans present, besides many well-known English personalities. From left to right can be seen: Lord Bryce, Lord Curzon, and Lord Aberdeen

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

SPEECH DAY AT HARROW

Lord Claud Hamilton at Harrow's Speech Day last week. Harrovians past and present combined to make a most enjoyable day. "The School for Scandal," in which the head boy, the Hon. B. Pleydell-Bouverie, acted, was a marked success

Photograph *L. N. A.*

PRINCESS VICTORIA AT HENLEY

Henley last week did not rival some of the delightful pre-War functions, but it was graced by Princess Victoria on the Wednesday, and the Prince of Wales himself came down and distributed the challenge cups and prizes on Saturday. Henley finished in a blaze of fireworks and tumultuous cheering—from the crews on the round-abouts

Photograph *Stearight, Ltd.*

A GREAT EXPLORER

Sir Ernest Shackleton, at the end of August, will again lead an expedition to the Antarctic, among whom will be a number of leading scientists. The voyage will be among the practically unknown islands of the Atlantic and the Pacific and the uncharted seas of the South Pole

Socialism and Society

THE number of young women who talk Socialism and rank revolution nowadays is astonishing. One has noticed it particularly this season — perhaps because dinner-parties have been small, and, consequently, more *intime*.

It makes one gasp to hear pretty girls and young married women prattling about Communism, Syndicalism, and the Right to Live, just as they prattle about the French plays, the Russian Ballet, or a new dressmaker. If you venture to point to Russia as an object lesson of the carrying into effect of their precious theories they just shrug their shoulders, and say, "Ah, but we shouldn't leave *our* revolution to be run by Jews!"

The odd thing about this ignorant—and very dangerous—prattling is that it comes almost invariably from women whose husbands and fathers are rich, women who neither toil nor spin, and who wear costly clothes at other people's expense.

I was dining with some friends the other evening before going on to a small party, at which Prince Obolensky was singing. A woman at dinner was holding forth about the right of every class to govern the country, the abolition of titles, and all the galumpey you can hear any day at the Marble Arch.

I ventured to point out that she owed the pleasure of hearing Prince Obolensky sing entirely to the application of some of her theories in Russia, and likewise that if her cherished revolution did come about here I hoped she would have more clothes on when it happened, because she would find pink silk and a pearl necklace rather scanty covering when she was ordered to live in her area by the Mayfair Soviet.

The lady was indignant. She didn't say I was a brute, but she

looked it. These dear, silly geese who are chattering about turning things upside down, I think, have the secret conviction that nothing would happen to *them*. If they didn't they wouldn't go on so

Photograph *Central News*

WEDDING OF LADY MORVYTH WARD

Captain Constantine Evelyn Benson, D.S.O., and Lady Morvyth Ward had a very pretty wedding last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride is the second daughter of the Earl of Dudley, and was given away by her father

completely in the old way. And, what is odder still, they will send the Throne and the Estates of the Realm gaily toppling into the waste-paper basket at luncheon, and then race half across London to get a glimpse of the Prince of Wales.

Ulster and Her Old Families

A PLEASANT contrast is the way in which all the people of standing rallied round the King at Belfast. All the old Irish families of the North were represented. Amongst them were my Lord Viscount Charlemont and his Lady Viscountess, who were present at the historic ceremony in the Senate and at the great garden-party given the following day by Lord and Lady Londonderry. The Charlemonts are collaterally descended from the famous Sir Toby Caulfield, the first Baron; the Viscounty was conferred in the reign of Charles II. Ever since the reign of James I the Charlemonts have been closely associated with the North of Ireland, and since he succeeded his uncle in 1913 the present peer has

Photograph *Bassano, Ltd.*

INDIAN ORDERLY OFFICERS TO THE KING

A new portrait of His Majesty's Indian Orderly Officers with Major Gilchrist seated, who is in charge. From left to right: Subadar-Major Ghulam Muhiyuddin Bahudur, O.B.I.; Risaldar Laurasib Kahn, M.C.; Major W. F. C. Gilchrist, C.I.E.; Subadar Muhammad Azim Bahudur, I.O.M., O.B.I.; and Risaldar-Major Ghulam Husain, I.D.S.M.

continued the family tradition and has resided constantly at Drumcairne, the family place in County Tyrone, except during his time of War service.

Photograph *Newspaper Illustrations*

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Capt. George Barker, 16th Lancers, and Miss Joan Lubbock, who were married at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Square, last week. Miss Lubbock is a niece of Lord Avebury

"To Charm Thee to a Smile"

A YOUTH stopped another youth in the street in New York.

"Say," he said, "will you tell me the name of your tailor?"

"Sure! It's So-and-So. Who makes your clothes?"

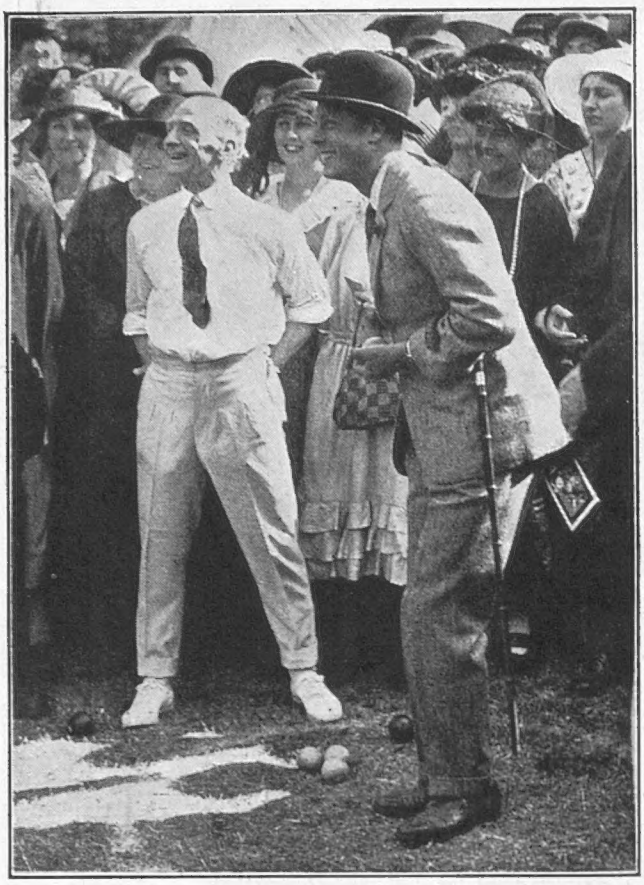
"Mother! D——n her!"

Speaking of stories, I heard a happy expression the other day. One lady was complaining of being glared at by another dame. "She made me feel," she said, "like a defenceless hemp seed shut up in a cage with a hungry canary!"

A Gay Hispano-Scot

MY friend Brigadier-General Joseph Maria Gordon—he had eleven other Christian names—has written a very lively autobiography which Cassell will publish in a few weeks under the title of *Chronicles of a Gay Gordon*. The General, who was born in Spain, still speaks with the lisp of the true Spaniard, who will pronounce Velasquez as "Velathqueth." He was educated at the Birmingham Oratory, became a gunner, and then went to Australia, where he was in turn a policeman, an actor, and a racing journalist. He rose to command the forces in Victoria and then in New South Wales, and introduced National Service into Australia. He also had a brigade at home during the War. But he remains the gayest of gay Gordons as you will find from his autobiography, which I have been reading in manuscript.

The Theatrical Garden Party at Chelsea



Photograph *Central Press*

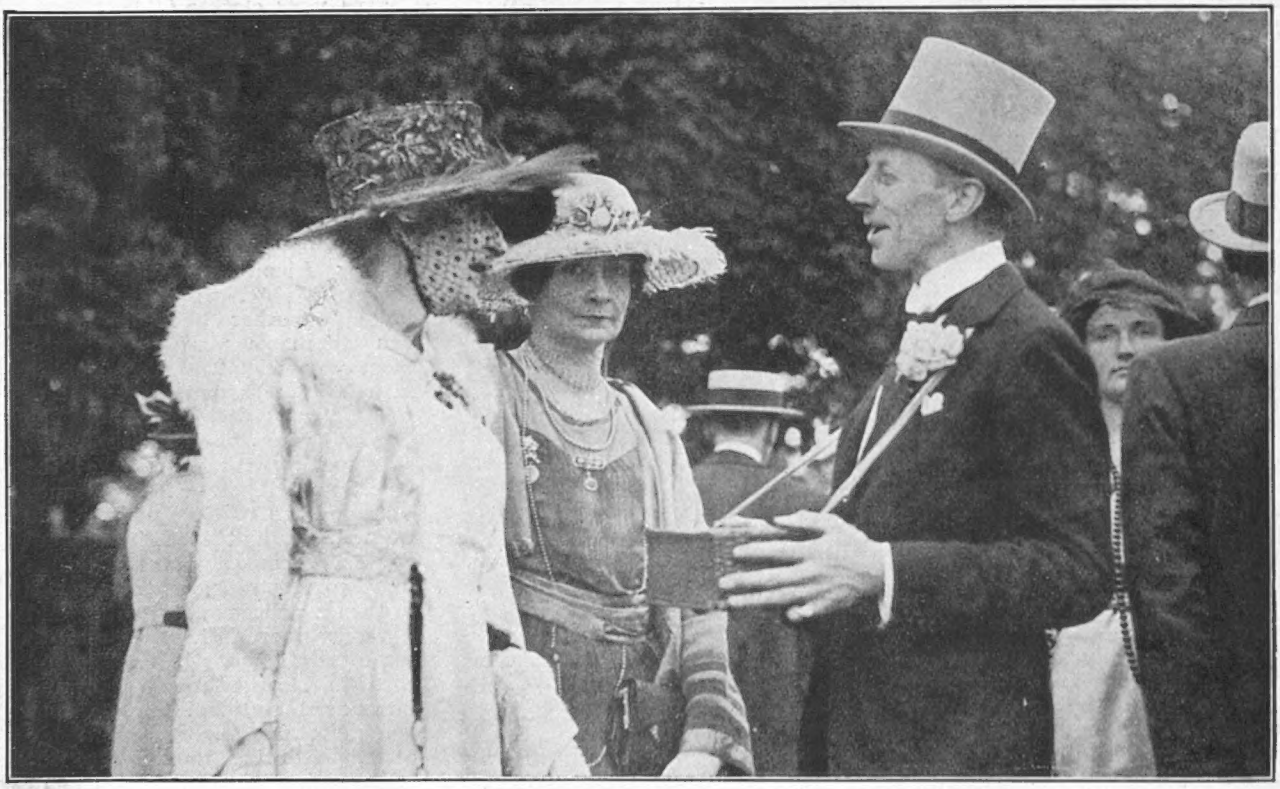
"AUNT SALLY" AND THE PRINCE

The Prince of Wales spent an enjoyable, if rather warm, afternoon at Chelsea. He just missed "Aunt Sally" by a few yards, hence the merriment

Photograph *Tom Aitken*

THE "DOLLIES" AND THE DOGS

The American Dolly Sisters appeared at the Theatrical Garden Party under the guise of real dolls, accompanied by their two delightful collie dogs



Photograph *Sport and General*

"MATCHES, MATCHES, BEE-UTIFUL MATCHES"

Mr. Ernest Thesiger, we understand, did not really sell matches, but tried his best to persuade others to buy his cigarettes—at a price. Lady Garvagh and the Countess of Carnwath evidently think well of his sale-"craft" which was all for the benefit of the Actors' Orphanage

BY HARRY WOOLLEY

"FOUR IN HAND"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

A FISHERMAN'S STORY

BY HOLLOWAY HORN

THE Mossford Society of Anglers was founded in the reign of one of the Georges, to be precise—and in dealing with fishermen it is always well to be precise—it was George V. Its chairman was one James Rollitt, a gentleman whose superior imagination gave him a distinct advantage over his fellow-members in recounting his fishing adventures.

Fishes are proverbially thirsty, and so are fishermen; and the quenching of this thirst, together with the narration of their various exploits with rod and line, constituted the bulk of the Society's business.

Mr. Rollitt was a distinct success as chairman. So much was this the case that at the end of the first session his fellow-members decided to present him with a token of their appreciation. It took the form of a small silver salver, on which were recorded his name and virtues.

As far as the name went the inscription was correct.

The last meeting of the year was chosen for the presentation, and the event was marked with the utmost enthusiasm. Mr. Rollitt's speech in reply was a little incoherent, as the evening was far advanced; but as his hearers were almost equally incoherent it was a very successful effort. The Chairman himself was quite overcome—by emotion, he said. Whatever it was it made Mr. Rollitt somewhat unsteady as, with tears in his voice, he thanked them for what he called the "shilver shalver."

Midnight was near when the meeting broke up. With the "shilver shalver" under his arm, and a feeling of wild exhilaration in his soul, Mr. Rollitt set out for his abode.

The fresh air made him serious, for every minute brought him nearer to Mrs. Rollitt. She was an excellent and virtuous lady, but she had long since found out James. It was many years now since he had dared to tell her a fishing story, and she viewed these monthly meetings of the Angling Society with grievous suspicion.

James was quietly certain, however, that the silver salver would lull those suspicions. He hoped, but not very confidently, that the recital of his virtues thereon would have a chastening effect upon his disillusioned wife. He looked at the salver, bright and shining in the moonlight, with renewed satisfaction.

Sedately he turned into the road wherein, at No. 19, he lived. His wife, he knew, would long since have retired to rest, and with a little luck he would be able to slip into the house without disturbing her.

It was a dark night. He counted three houses beyond the first lamp on the right, and turned into the gate. But, arrived at the front door, he came to a halt with the awful discovery that he had left his keys at home and had no means of getting into the house without awaking Mrs. Rollitt. Of all people in the world the last one he wished to awaken was his wife, because, however successful he was at the meetings of the Society, he was not seen to advantage in an encounter with her in the small hours of the morning—particularly when he had been what she called "exceeding." Even the glistening salver failed to give him comfort.

He stood on the doorstep thinking the whole thing out. Possibly if he knocked her up, and without a word held up the salver triumphantly, he might be able to carry things off. . . . But his courage failed him.

He bethought him of the kitchen window.

There was a chance that he might be able to get in and creep upstairs without disturbing his better half. He braced himself for the attempt.

To force back the catch of the kitchen window with his pocket knife was absurdly easy, but to insert his portly bulk into the aperture was quite another matter.

(All rights strictly reserved)

One leg and a shoulder were safely through, and with a little pushing it might have been possible for the rest of his anatomy to follow, if a sudden and terrible interruption had not occurred.

It was worse, even, than Mrs. Rollitt—it was a policeman who had silently followed him down the side entrance. He switched his light on the unhappy Mr. Rollitt.

"Now, what's all this?" he asked.

"It's only me," said Mr. Rollitt, helpfully. "And for goodness sake, don't make a noise," he added, at the same time following the line of least resistance and withdrawing the arm and shoulder which had entered the house. "I left my keys indoors."

"What's that?" asked the policeman, ominously, indicating the silver salver.

"That's a shilver—I mean a silver salver," said Mr. Rollitt, firmly.

"Where did you get it from?" implacably demanded his questioner.

"It was presented to me tonight," explained the Chairman of the Angling Society, with pride.

"H'm," murmured the constable thoughtfully. . . . "You expect me to believe that?"

"Shertainly I do," said Mr. Rollitt, with a poor attempt at dignity.

"Well . . . I don't," said the policeman. . . . And for the first time since the interruption of his entry into the kitchen window Mr. Rollitt observed that the constable held a truncheon in his hand.

"But . . . but I live here," protested the possessor of the silver salver.

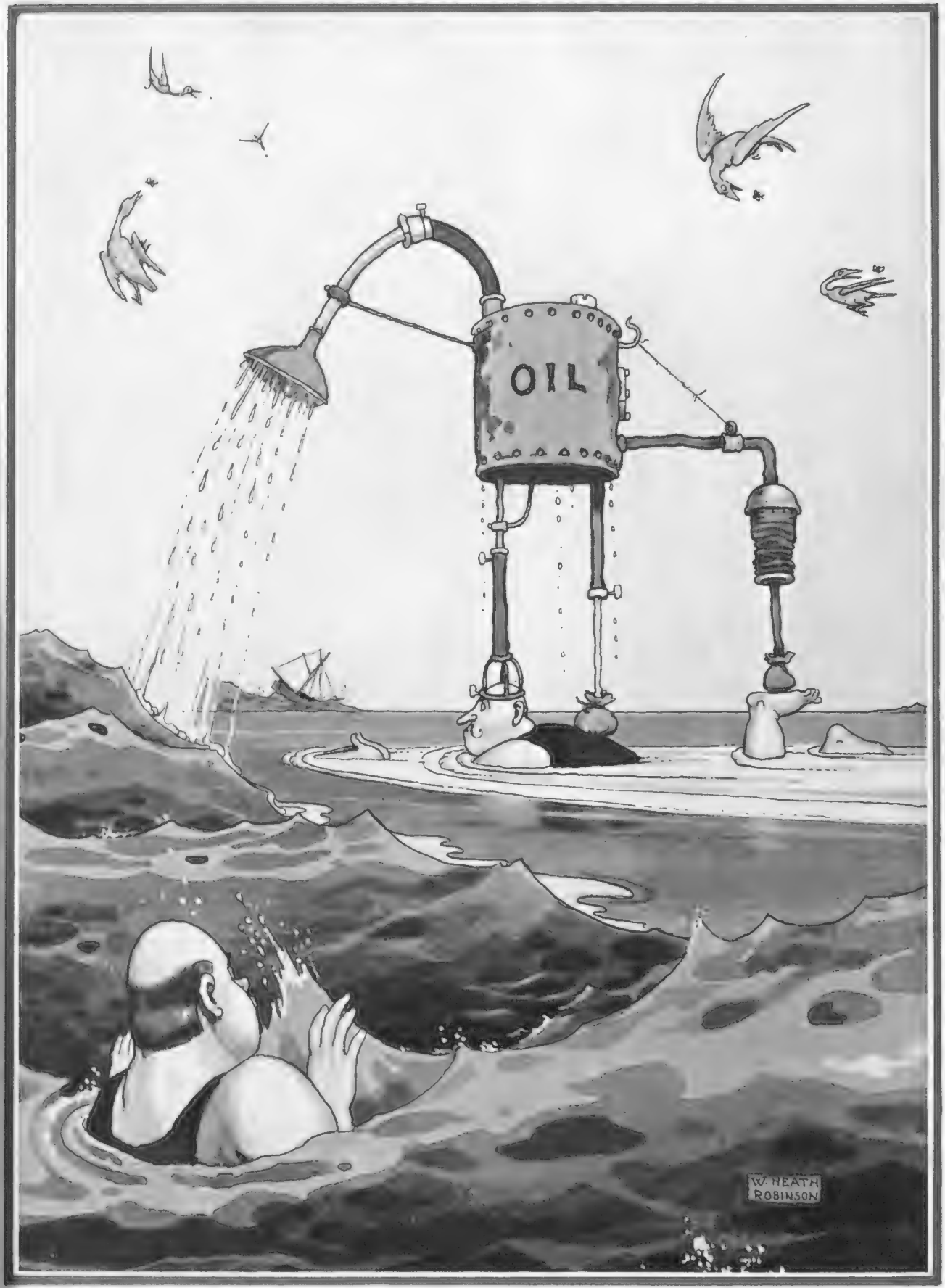
"Very well then," said the constable, coolly. "You'll have to come with me to the front door and knock the people up."

"But . . . but . . . I daren't" moaned Mr. Rollitt, a world of apprehension in his trembling voice.

"I can quite believe that," was

(Continued on page 20)

In Case of Rough Weather



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF BATHERS

A neat appliance for pouring oil on troubled waters

"A FISHERMAN'S STORY (*concluded*)

the dry comment. "Still, if *you* won't, I will. Now, come along, and no nonsense."

"But it means waking my wife," Mr. Rollitt pointed out.

"If you'll take my tip," was the reply, "you'll drop all this nonsense and come along o' me to the station—it'll be the better for you."

"Preposterous!" burst out the agonised Mr. Rollitt. He could feel both horns of the dilemma pricking him badly. Whether it was the impulse of the moment, the impulse of fear, or the impulse of whisky will never be known with certainty, but at that momentous juncture Mr. Rollitt did a thing which no respectable British citizen should ever dream of doing. He kicked—or, to be more exact, he pushed his foot into a part of the policeman's anatomy where no foot was ever intended to be pushed.

And it was no gentle push.

The constable gave a heavy grunt and fell.

Mr. Rollitt, incredible though it appears in a person of his size, instantly jumped over the prostrate body of his burly opponent and raced with astounding speed down the street in which he was an honoured resident.

In a few moments he had reached the end, and then he realised that the energy lent by excitement was leaving him. He panted stentoriously. Suddenly, from behind him, borne on the clear night air, came the sound of a police whistle. That whistle, in Mr. Rollitt's excited imagination, filled the universe. Inevitably, it seemed to him, it must awaken his wife . . . and it would bring other constables on the scene. His overtaxed heart was pumping violently; he was on the point of collapse. By this time the full consciousness of what he had done was beginning to break into his terrified brain. He, James Rollitt, the Chairman of the Angling Society, a man of unblemished character and reputation, had violently assaulted an emissary of the law; he was fleeing from justice, and knew not where to go.

As he stood wondering what on earth to do, he heard the sound of someone running towards him. Another constable! Mr. Rollitt simply could *not* run any further, and as there was nothing else to do, dropped into the ditch at the side of the road, and cowered in its dark depths. It was a damp ditch, yet he was unconscious of its discomforts as he heard the second constable dash past him. The whistle was still going, but as he listened it ceased, and the silence was grateful to his outraged nerves.

Only when he clambered out of the ditch a few minutes later, did he become aware that the major part of his person was covered with mud: that he had lost his hat; and, what was worse, the silver salver. He remembered now that he had dropped the wretched salver as he leapt over the prostrate policeman; and on the brink of the ditch he shivered as he realised that he had thus left in the constable's hand the most damning evidence of his identity.

Mr. Rollitt commenced to walk away from his home, but he thought more rapidly than he walked, for by this time he was very tired. By a circuitous route he reached the other end of his road, and, lurking in the shadows, he approached his house.

As he drew near he saw that the light was on in his hall and that his wife, in her unmistakable magenta dressing-gown, was talking agitatedly to two policemen.

In that moment an idea came to him. He clutched at it fiercely, for it contained the germ of possible salvation.

A minute later the pitiable wreck of Mr. Rollitt staggered into the lighted hall.

"My dear!" he gasped. "Thank goodness you and the police are here. I have been half-killed and robbed in the lane at the bottom of the road. My poor head!"

With a little rush Mrs. Rollitt crossed to him.

"James!" she cried, "thank God you are safe. Whatever has happened? I have been terrified!"

"It happened an hour ago . . . perhaps more," he said. "I was coming home from the Society. Under the trees at the bottom of the lane a man sprang out, struck me violently on the head with a stick, a heavy stick—a murderous weapon. I was stunned, and fell into the ditch there. How long I remained I do not know. When I returned to consciousness I dragged myself out and returned to you. My salver is gone—I shall never see it again."

He gazed vacantly round the hall, then started, as he saw an article held by one of his listeners.

"Good heavens!" he cried, "the salver, Sarah, what does it all mean?"

"You had a lucky escape, sir, if I may say so," observed the constable with whom Mr. Rollitt had earlier had a difference of opinion. "A very lucky escape. I caught him trying to break into this house—a most desperate character. He escaped, but I got the salver. Well, mum," he continued, turning to Mrs. Rollitt, "now that we know your husband is safe there is nothing more to be done."

Mr. Rollitt followed the constable to the door, and that worthy had the impudence to wink at him. A small financial transaction of no great moment took place in the dark porch before the constables departed. Then Mr. Rollitt returned to his spouse.

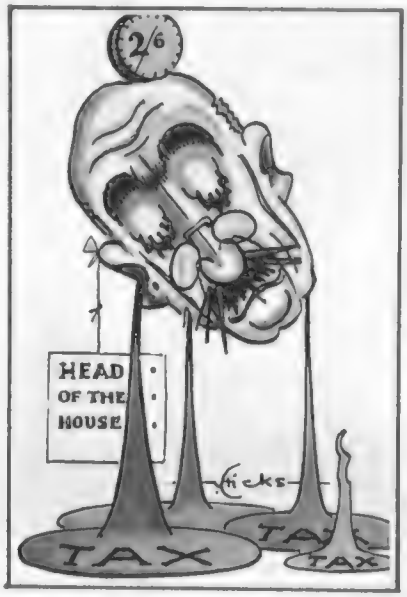
"I have had a terrible shock," he said, wearily.

"My poor James!" she said, "and to think that I thought. . . ."

"It was the narrowest escape I have ever had," he said.

"You might easily have been killed," she agreed. She took up the salver from the hall table, and read the inscription. "I feel thoroughly ashamed of myself, James," she went on. "To think that I thought. . . ."

HOLLOWAY HORN



BY VICTOR HICKS

IT'S SO TAXABLE

Uneasy lies the head with half a crown

Bourne End's Sailing Regatta

"ESTELLE"

Ready to go about at the start of the race for the "Queen's Cup" at Bourne End. This is the principal race of Bourne End Week, during which there is always keen competition among the crack representatives of the up-river sailing clubs

Photographs *Sport and General*

FIVE TIMES A WINNER

Mr. B. S. Freeman's "Scamp" well ahead in the final of the race for "A" Class boats. She won the "Queen's Cup" for the fifth time and was the most successful boat at the Regatta

The Ladies and the Links

BY "BOW-WINDOW"

READERS who expect a serious paper on the performances of women golf players are warned that this article has nothing whatever to do with the subject. It treats of a more delicate matter—one, I may say, that I would not dare write about unless safely sheltered behind a nom de plume.

We are approaching the holiday season, when husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, swains and sweethearts, and psycho-analytical affinities (my spelling misgives me) will join together in various forms of recreation. A forecast may safely be made that golf will occupy the time of many.

Now the question is this: Why is it that golf is the one sport in which women are still doubtful of their welcome among men? They meet man on an equality in the hunting-field and on the tennis lawns; at shooting parties a man is honoured by being joined by a lady on his stand. Yachting, racing, winter-sports, look where you will, woman has made a place for herself among men. A man's golf links alone still resists her.

What is the standing of ladies on most golf links? None. They are expected to give way to any man playing behind them. Their men-folk regard mixed foursomes in no sense seriously. After the mid-day luncheon, if they walk around to watch a match between men, they ask half apologetically if their presence will be resented, and, however, courteously they may be assured that they are more than welcome, they are never quite sure that they are.

Why does the average man prefer to play golf out of sight of his feminine belongings? I believe this is the simple reason. *A man dislikes having a woman near him while he is playing golf because she makes him feel a fool.*

UNDER her keen, twinkling eyes as he bends over a putt he becomes painfully conscious of the funny side of mental concentration. He misses the putt, and looks up, his face suffused with suppressed anger. Though he has said nothing, the girl knows that he thinks it is her fault.

Perhaps on the tee her bright-coloured jumper catches his eye at the top of his swing. Bang—bump—the ball goes into a bunker. He looks round, and meets the eye of the lady.

"I hope I didn't put you off?" she says.

"Oh, no," he answers, forcing a smile.

And so the game goes on.

Readers of this article will say that I exaggerate. They will say that they have played in many capital mixed games, that they value the company of their lady friends upon the links. That the sort of man who doesn't is a cross-patch and nuisance in any club. Say on, my masters, say on. Then let the man who speaks loudest go back to his own golf club and write in the suggestion book that *women be given equal rights with men upon the links.*

VERY CERTAIN!

By Oswald Cuningham

GEORGE: "Wise men hesitate, only fools are certain"
MIRANDA: "Are you sure of that?"
GEORGE: "I'm certain"

Heart Racing

BY WYNDHAM ROBINSON

"THE STARTING GATE"

A Very, Very, Lovely Lily

Photograph] MISS JULIETTE COMPTON *[Foulsham and Banfield*

Who, as the inspiration of the Harrison Fisher girl, can claim to have had her portrait painted more often than any living woman. From adorning the covers of well-known magazines she has transferred her energies to "The League of Notions" at the New Oxford Theatre

A FAMILY MAN

AT THE COMEDY

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL.

I DO not suppose that the Family Man in this play represents a very common type. He seems rather to be an individual whose less favourable characteristics have been unduly emphasised in order to justify the action of other characters in the piece. John Builder (Mr. Norman McKinnel) is a man given to fits of ungovernable temper.

IN his saner moments—and we learned at school that anger is brief madness—he is a genial, easy-going man; while his little adventure with the French maid shows him to be extremely human also. But as a successful business man he is naturally a stern disciplinarian, and he seems to have alienated the sympathies of his two daughters because he once caned them both for staying away from church on Sunday. The girls do not appear ever to have forgiven him for that rather foolish procedure.

WHEN the play opens Mr. Builder is expecting to be nominated for Mayor. He is really anxious to occupy that office and has apparently pulled wires for some time past in order to secure his election. But as soon as the invitation is formally given, he tells the deputation that it is a very serious matter, and he must think it over very carefully before deciding to accept so exalted a position. This is, of course, very close to real human nature, and we find it amusing accordingly. The rest of the play is devoted to a series of family troubles and scandals which end by proving him to be an entirely undesirable candidate for the honour he covets. For instance, his elder daughter, Athene, tired of the paternal bullying, has left home.

HAVING artistic leanings she has set up for herself in a dainty flat in another part of the town. It is clear that if her father is to have any success as a public man, the young lady must be rescued from her Bohemian ways and brought back to the paternal roof, so that the impression may be conveyed that John Builder is a pattern of domesticity. Mr. and Mrs. Builder, therefore, proceed in their car to Athene's flat to persuade her to come back home. When they arrive they are told

(Continued on page 28)

"WALL-KNUTS" ARE

BY NORMAN KEENE

AGAIN IN SEASON

that Miss Athene is out for the moment. Mr. Builder, strolling through the various rooms with a father's privilege, comes upon a shaving brush and razor strop, which, I am informed, and do conscientiously believe, do not usually form part of the average lady's toilet accessories.

WHEN Athene returns to the flat she admits very coolly that the friend who shares her home with her is a young Flying Man. (I believe feminine relationships in that distinguished Force have always been a little complicated). As a matter of fact, the young man is quite willing to make Athene his wife. The hesitation is on her part. Long years of observation of her father as a Family Man have led Athene to the strange conclusion that cohabitation will be more prudent than lawful wedlock.

AS a logical sequence it seems to me a little imperfect, and reminds one of the very choice *non sequitur* of the dear old lady who said: "No wonder they call this place Stony Stratford, for I was never so bitten by fleas in my life." If Athene had decided to be an old maid, her reasoning might have stood; but it seems to me that having once surrendered to a man, self-interest would have prompted her to nail him to the counter, as it were. Still, the point here is that Athene definitely refuses to return home, and her father promptly retorts by telling her that she can go to the place where a coal strike more or less makes no difference.

AURIOL LEE AS CAMILLE

THEN the Family Man has trouble with his other daughter, Maud. She, too, is tired of the paternal tyranny, and having made the lucky discovery that she possesses a "film face," she decides to earn a living as a cinema actress. Mr. Builder exchanges a few heated words with his daughter, and there is a bit of a fight to wind up with, and then Maud reaches for her cap.

AURIOL LEE AND NORMAN McKINNEL

We can only piously hope that she is not going to throw it too far, if there should be any mills in the neighbourhood. Thus we have both of Mr Builder's girls in the outcast industry, more or less, to the prejudice of his chances of municipal distinction. It remains only to break up his home completely by the withdrawal of Mrs. Builder from the premises. This brings us to Camille, the French maid of the household. Camille has, so she says, been married; but she does not wear a wedding ring as her husband is dead, and she wants to be taken for a single girl.

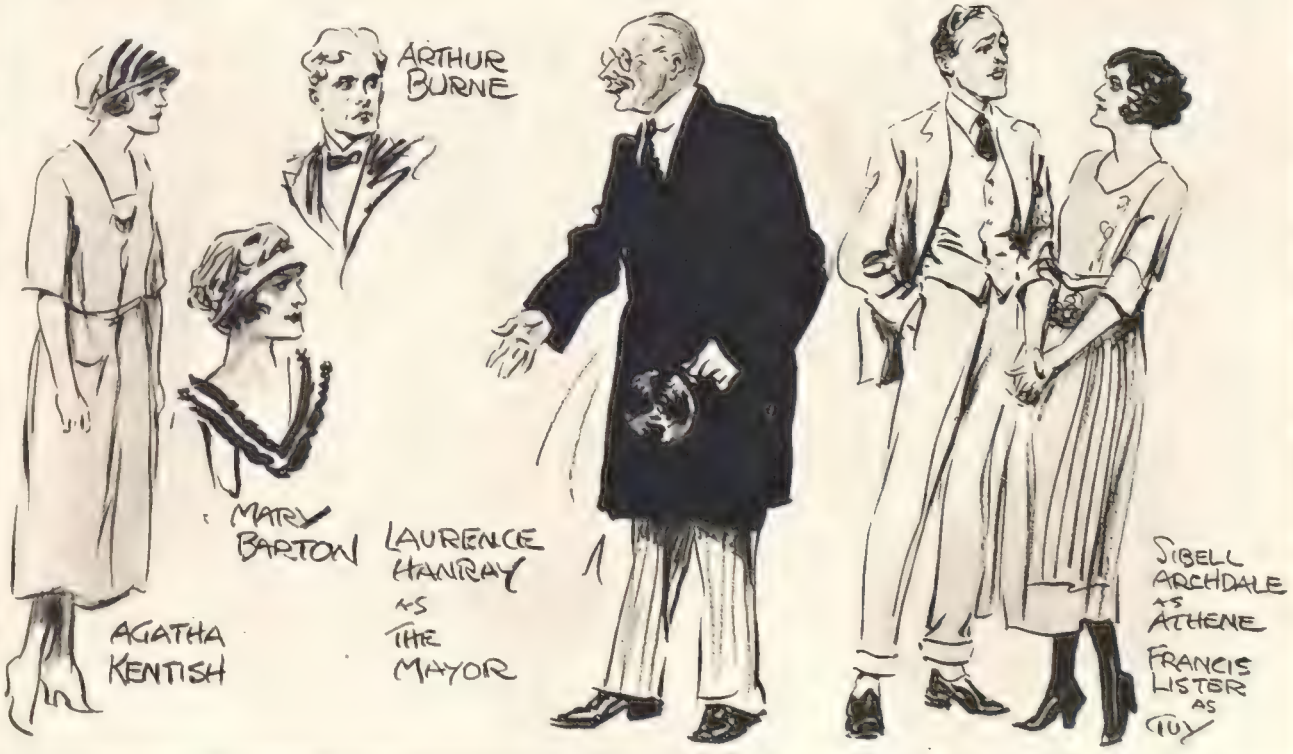
WHEN Camille has, in the course of her duties, to hand Mr. Builder a letter or a paper, she lets her hand rest lightly and designedly upon his for a second or two, and they say you can generally tell them that way. Once when Mr. Builder is sitting in his arm-chair by the fireside, Camille comes to look for something on the mantelpiece; and then stumbles adroitly so that she lands nicely on Mr. Builder's knee. Whereupon he promptly yields to temptation and gives her a good, business-like hug which she seems thoroughly to enjoy.

OF course, it happens that Mrs. Builder chooses just that moment to come into the

room, and equally, of course, the good lady places an entirely erroneous construction on what, after all, is a very simple incident. Might have happened to anybody, Mr. Builder's ingenuity is not equal to the invention of a convincing explanation, indeed I am told that this situation, which has a recognised place of its own in the category of male lapses, is extremely difficult to explain away, even by experts. So Mr. Builder admits the obvious, and takes the line of argument of the immortal Rabbie who said; "What's done we partly may compute, but know not what's resisted." Mrs. Builder, however, accepts this last blow as the final indignity she proposes to suffer in her husband's house, and she, too, shakes the dust of the place from her feet.

MR. BUILDER has thus far been hit pretty hard, but the author has not done with him yet. He is a veritable modern Job. When the curtain rises again, we learn that there have been some fierce goings-on during the *entr'acte*. It seems that under the impulse of his naughty temper, Mr. Builder set out for Athene's flat with the idea of dragging his entire family back home by force. But Miss Maud raised the alarm, as soon as his intentions became known, and the police intervened. The result was that Mr. John Builder, distinguished citizen and candidate for the mayoralty, spends the night in choky, and is brought before the magistrates in the morning on several charges of disturbing the King's peace, and of resisting the police in the execution of their duty. The play owes no small part of its success to the remarkable acting by which it is interpreted. Mr. Laurance Hanray as an illiterate but assertive Justice of the Peace, gives a most distinguished performance, replete with genuine humour; while Miss Olive Walter, a young maidservant, who leaves Athene's service because she is afraid her mistress's irregular mode of living may be contagious, is quite a brilliant piece of work. Mr. Reginald Bach, who is only on the stage for a few moments, puts real life into the part of the typical local journalist.

AS the unhappy Mr. Builder, Mr. Norman McKinnel is, of course, a tower of strength; while Miss Mary Barton as the disappointed wife is quietly convincing. But the humorists of the play are positively great. JINGLE



TRUTHS & TRIFLES

CARRYING THINGS TO EXTREMES

By Victor Hicks

AN OLD SONG RE-SUNG

"The Sissington (Kent), Queen Wasp Hunt is looking for another country. Every covert has been drawn, and huntsmen, aided by villagers, have been able to find only six nests. When the hunt was first formed (and it is England's oldest) there were hundreds of nests.—*National News*.

Did ye ken John Peel o' Sissington (Kent)?
Did ye ken John Peel and the days he spent?
Did ye ken John Peel and the way he went
For the wasps in their nests in the morning?

Chorus

For the sound of his voice woke me from my rest,
And the buzz of the wasps which he chased from their nest,
Peel's words of wrath when stung in the chest
Were the parson's despair in the morning!

Yes I ken't John Peel and the villagers, too,
For the wasps were a scourge when the Hunt was new,
And they always had plenty of work to do
In destroying their nests in the morning!

Chorus—For the sound of, etc.

Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul,
And I'd ask you to join in a friendly bowl,
But I can't for I fear that the Liquor Control
Won't allow us to drink in the morning!

Chorus—For the sound of, etc.

Now I hear John Peel is far from gay
For he's chased all the Sissington wasps away,
And now he has nothing to do all day,
And we ne'er hear his voice in the morning!

Chorus

And I long once more to be roused from my rest
By the buzz of the wasps which he chased from their nest,
And I long for John Peel to be stung in the chest
Just to see parson's face in the morning!

W. Hodgson Burnet

FROM OUR PESSIMIST

It has been suggested that in the event of London suffering from a water famine the heads of certain Members of Parliament might be tapped.

* * * *

A contemporary refers to the Emir Feisul as the "King of Mesopotamia." Mr. Churchill has not yet decided what action to take.

* * * *

Camberwell Guardians are abolishing pauper's uniforms, which are said to be degrading. In future workhouse inmates will be dressed as ordinary taxpayers.

* * * *

American coal has been arriving at Swansea. Welsh miners are considerably upset at the discovery that there are other people in the world besides themselves.

* * * *

Burglars have just stolen 45,000 eggs, and there is much speculation in political circles as to which By-Election they are intended for.

LUCKY FOR ANNE!

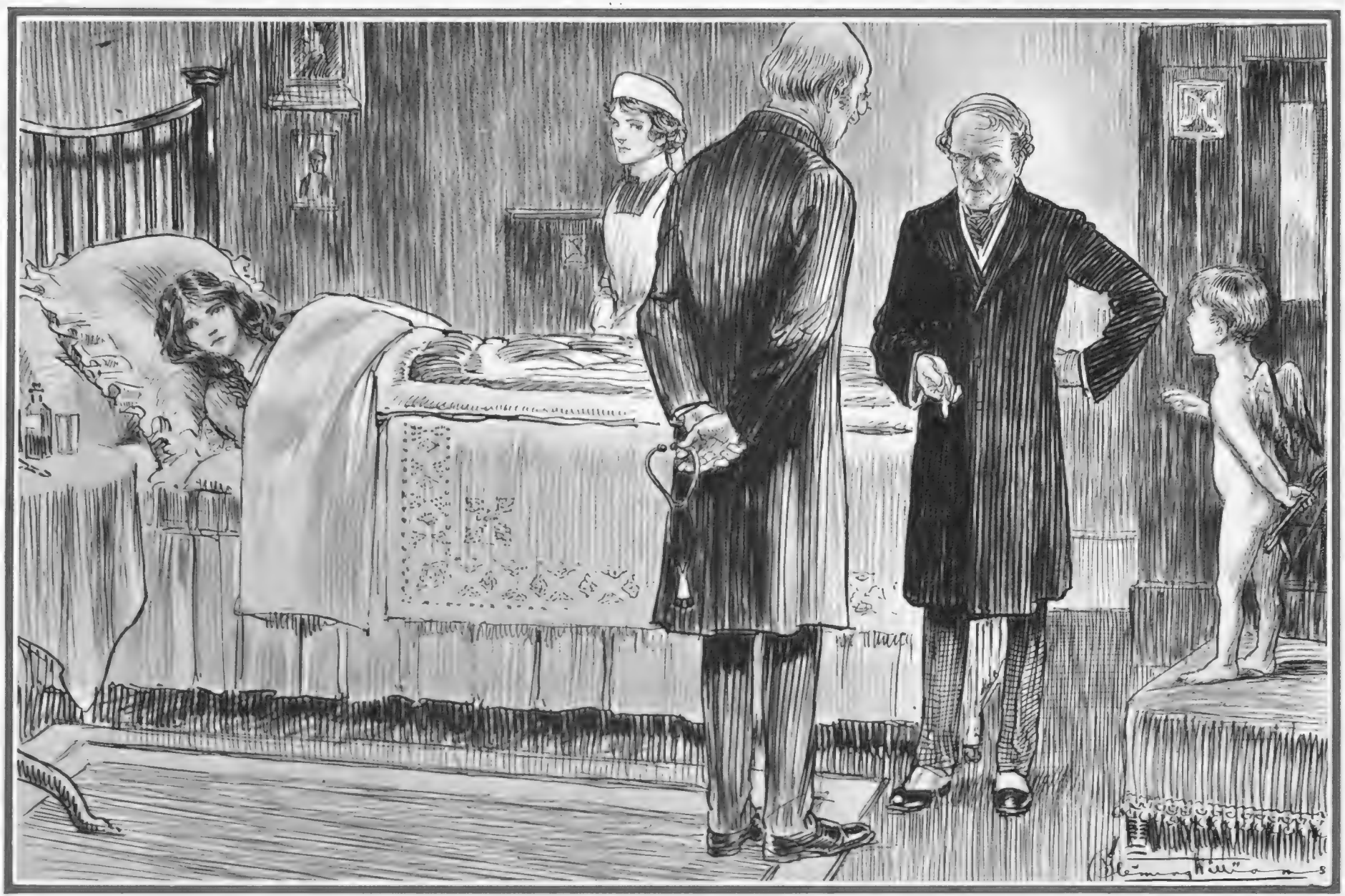
By Stan Terry

Salesman (lately promoted to antique department): "This chair, madam, was originally made for the Duke of Buckingham, who gave it to Anne of Austria. We're selling quite a lot of them"

The Picture of the Year—

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

NOT A CHEF—BUT ONE WHO HAS NEARLY COOKED US



BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

IT IS SOMETIMES NECESSARY TO CALL IN A SPECIALIST

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

THE CHEF-D'ŒUVRE MAN

MES AMIS—

IT is to-day that we must rejoice and be glad, for the Creator's *chef-d'œuvre*, man, has once more come into his own.

There are more than a hundred of years that he himself has had to clothe in the dullest and most unpoetic of raiment, and his soul has revolted against it. He has gone to the Musée de Cluny and feasted his eyes on the glory that was of the man in the gorgeous

"'*Mais non,*' she replied. '*C'est la mode!*'"

days of the Roi de Soleil. He has thought of the assemblies the most brilliant the world has ever known that the Château de Versailles has witnessed, and then thought with bitterness that it is to see the blot of ink that Monsieur Lloyd George made when he was signing the Treaty of Versailles that many thousands have there gone.

What a drab symbol of a drab age!

But, *heureusement*, it is an age that now is past. There has been the great revolution, and man, whose existence formerly the creators of fashion only deigned to recognise when it came to what you call footing the bill, now takes his proper place in the Creator's scheme.

SEE him as he takes his stroll round in the Bois de Boulogne, walks round the paddock at Longchamp or Auteuil, or sips his liqueur on the boulevard. He is the sight to gladden the heart. His starched spats glisten in the sunshine lending the lustre to his exquisitely patented shoes, his trousers are like the coat of Joseph, only the many colours are woven into the most entrancing checks. His jacket may be any colour but dark grey, black or blue, and there are the most bewitching of braid effects, while the lace edge of a handkerchief peeps from his breast pocket. In shirts he has borrowed the design from the paper on the wall, and his socks and ties are as gorgeous as the peacocks in the Jardin des Plantes. The *tout ensemble* is a picture that a Futurist artist would sacrifice the best years of his life to transfer to the canvas. There has been nothing like it since the days of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

IT is the golden age of man, and woman is wrathful. While the makers of the fashions of man into the kaleidoscope has been peering in the hope of finding some new combination of colours, the Rue de la Paix would seem to have sent its representatives to all the cemeteries in Paris in search for toilets of the summer.

The paddock at Longchamp would have been like the house of mourning but for the men. It was the black everywhere. Nine out of the ten women wore the black. There was the black and white, and the black and grey, and black by itself that I thought at first all the world was just going into mourning or just coming out of it.

"A great catastrophe, perhaps," I suggested to a lady acquaintance of mine.

"*Mais non,*" she replied. "*C'est la mode!*"

"See him as he takes his stroll round in the Bois . . ."

"She will be making the presents of the flowers"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

And then it was that I realised how real the emancipation of man was. Look where I would there was not the silk hat or frock-coat to be seen. Nor was there the stiff and uncomfortable collar that makes the Ascot and Derby such a painful pleasure when I go to England.

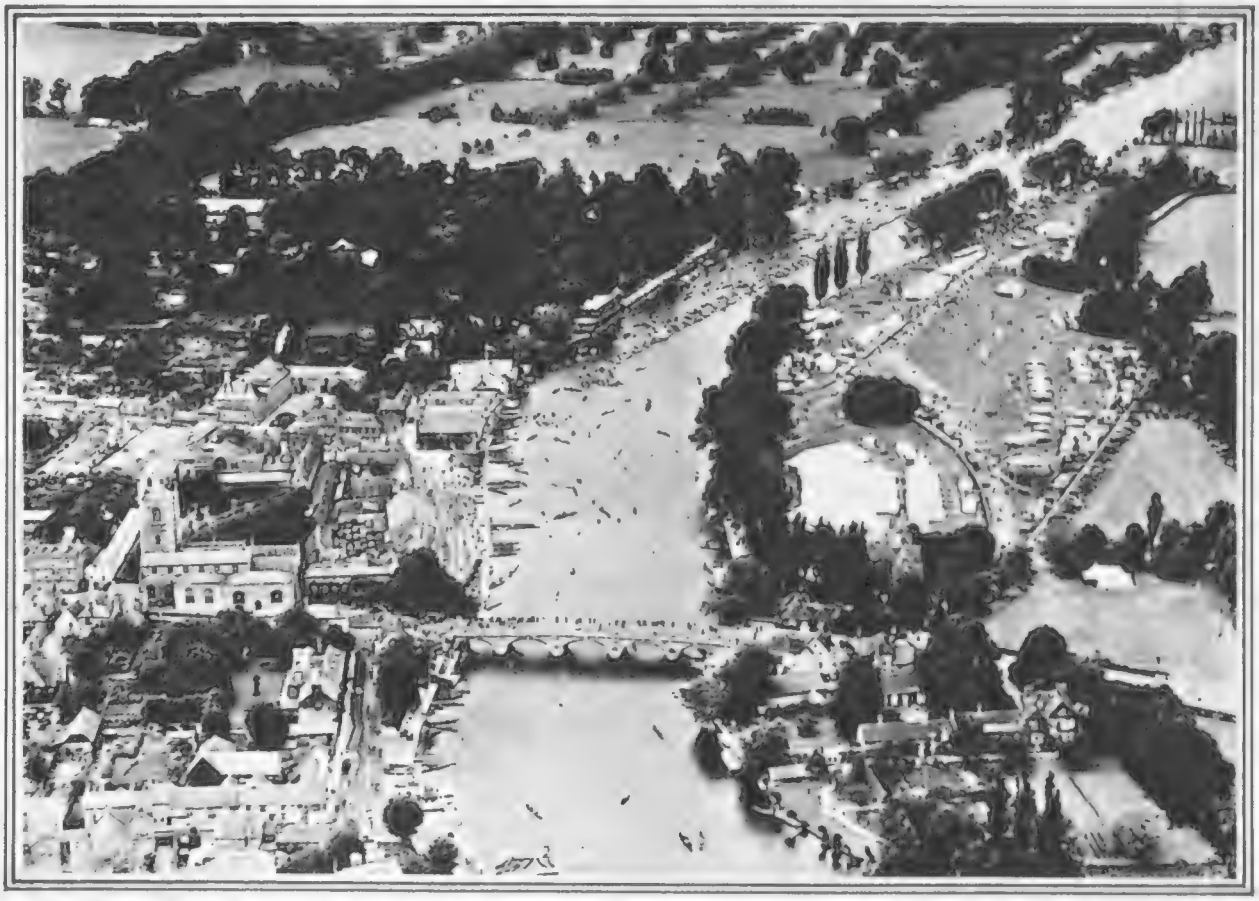
The thing the most extraordinary is that man has permitted himself so long to be dressed like the undertaker's mute. He has been the victim of the soulless tailor who in his window sat until his legs became as crossed as his scissors and his soul as crossed as his legs. What could one expect from such a man as that but mournful greys and browns and cheerless blues.

But the change came when Montmartre and the Quartier Latin became overcrowded. The pictures that were painted were so many, but the buyers were so few, so the student turned his attention to the commerce. But he did not forsake his art. Oh, no. He carried that with him wherever he went. He took the last from the cobbler, and instead of turning out the boots that were alike one another as the two peas he gave to each a distinctive mark. The one had the tops of the black and white check, the other the beautiful floral pattern on the toe-cap. He also pushed the tailor from his bench and showed him that the clothes could be a joy to the eye as well as a covering.

"Paying for the dinner"

No wonder that woman is sad. She can see the old order of things disappearing. Soon, she fears, she will be making the presents of the flowers and chocolates and paying for the dinners, and then the tragedy will be complete.

HENRI

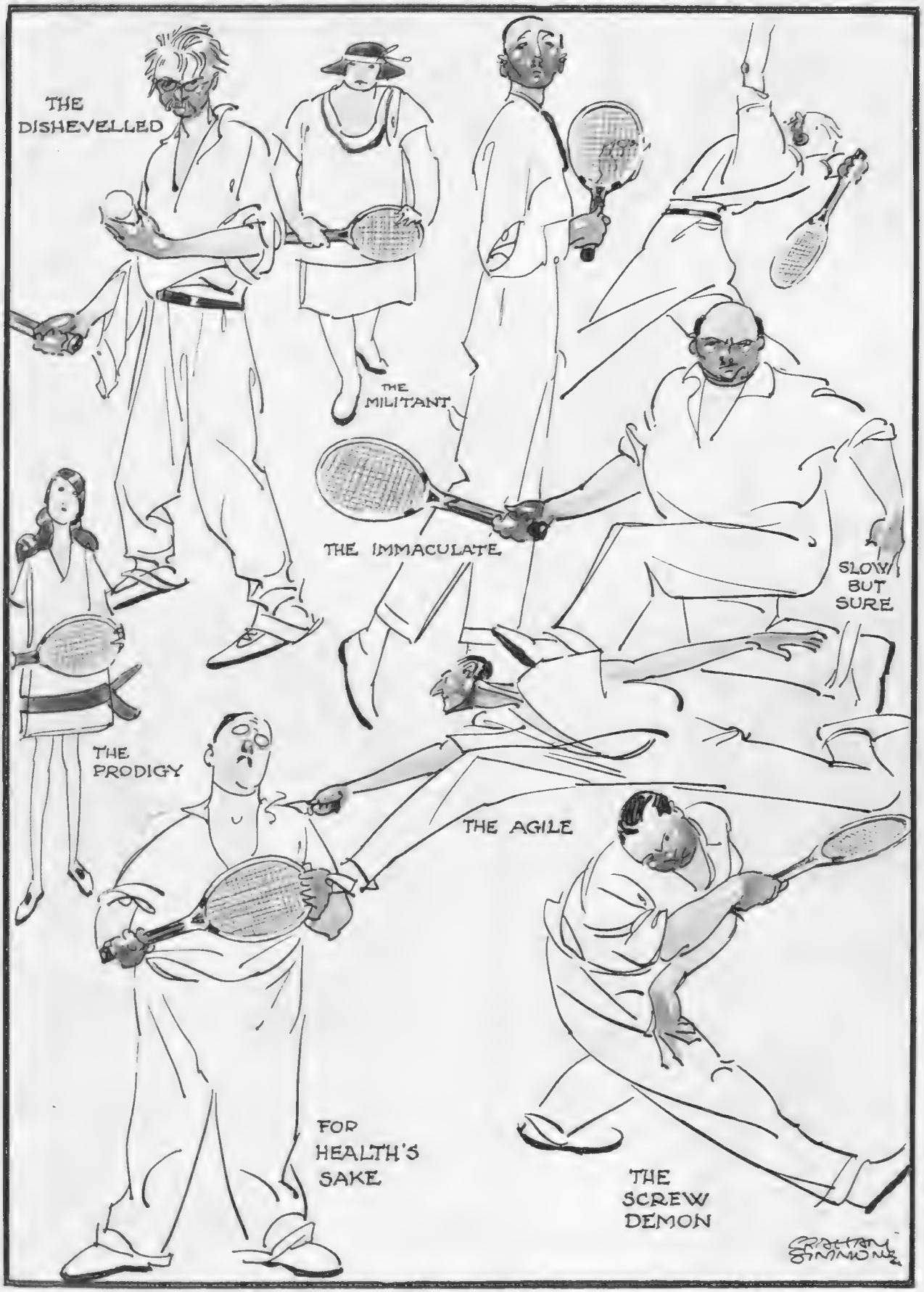


Photograph *The Central Acrophoto Co. Ltd.*

ROYAL HENLEY LAST WEEK

An aerial photograph taken of the great river carnival last week. The Grand Stand of Phyllis Court Club can just be discerned on the left, the boating tents on the right, and behind these the well-known round-abouts where the crews always foregather after the finals on Saturday

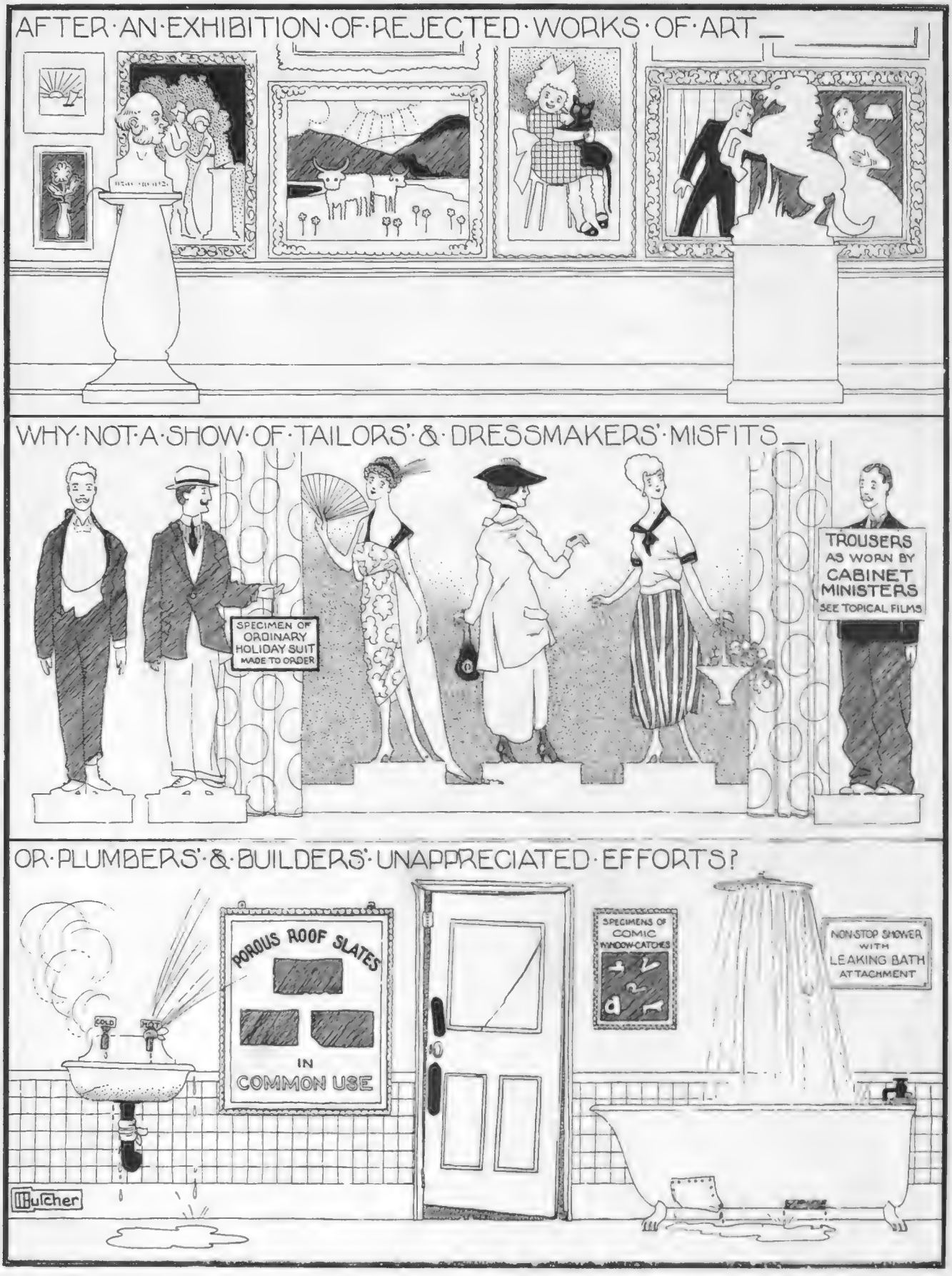
Tennis Tactics



BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

FORM AT A GLANCE AT OUR LOCAL TOURNAMENT

Encouraging Art



BY M. BUTCHER

ACADEMY FOR REJECTED GENIUSES

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by* HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *July* 4

DEAR COUSIN—

How softly July has crept on us this year. Not without its gusts and rains of course, and even a June frost that nipped the growing things in our fields and gardens right and left. But all the same we've had for once our full share of real summer, with the wonderful clear mornings and long still evenings that make life seem, in spite of all its dark moments, an almost unbelievably lovely dream.

Stillness and silence . . . there *is* a silence of midsummer, you know, that one can feel even in the midst of all the bustle and hustle of London town. There is, for one thing, the midsummer silence of the birds, which as June passes into July cease gradually to sing. It is the turn of the year, for them as for us—only in different ways. Their mating is over and they turn to the serious business of life. While for us—well, the working part of us, anyway, turn from the serious business of life to thoughts of . . . holidays.

"There's no actual privation among the population

Always, always I confess, except just in the two or three really dark and dreary months of the year when all Nature seems dead, the country draws me most. Or, after all, is it Town? I'm not quite sure, really. They're both so fascinating and so full of different sorts of experiences, and . . .

When at length the grasses cover
Me, the world's unwearied lover,
If regret
Haunt me yet,
It shall be for joys untasted,
Nature lent and folly wasted.

But when July comes, this turning-point of the year, with the earth and the sea thoroughly warmed up and the flowers at their zenith, and long long days to enjoy it all in, then, anyway, I do think there's not much doubt which call is the strongest. You begin to have that feeling that W. B. Yeats sang of in those famous haunting lines of his—

I will arise and go now,
For always night and day
I hear lake water lapping
With low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway,
Or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

It's a call, I think, that we all hear, even the richest and most prosperous of us, with the shiniest of cars and the most priceless of pearls and Poiret frocks and Reboux hats. We call it holidays, even those of us who haven't any working days to get away from, but *au fond* I believe it *is* a sort of a kind of a reaction and a longing for a (sometimes very distant) approach to those simpler and larger spaces of life where it's a joy in itself—

Only to taste the warmth, the light, the wind,
Only to be alive, and feel that life is sweet.

How the country scents and sounds in summer-time have always fascinated the poets! "Out of my door," writes one—

Out of my door I step into
The country, all its scent and dew . . .
The country silence wraps me quite,
Silence and song and pure delight.

While no elaborate birthday ode or highbrow bit of poetical psycho-analysis could ever sound so heartfelt as this little plain ditty (that you or I might have written, what?) about how

When skies are blue and days are bright
A kitchen-garden's my delight,
Set round with rows of decent box
And blowsy girls of hollyhocks.

And even if the weather's what in Town we should call hateful, unspeakable, vile and possibly p'raps (if no one was listening) worse things, there are still other country joys.

Oh to feel the beat of the rain,
And the homely smell of the earth.

Is there anything lovelier in the world, I wonder, than a country walk through the summer rain, here

"Life's rather lovely in the country now"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

in England now, or any other time, with the drops stinging one's cheeks and the exquisite perfume of wet leaves, grass, flowers, earth, wafting itself at you in a sort of bouquet that Bond Street or

"On the river"

the Burlington Arcade would gnash its teeth at in envy—if it only knew?

* *

YES, rain or shine, life's rather lovely in the country now. And in Town, too, for that matter. For the season's not at an end yet, though, I suppose, this week and the next will bring it rather near its last gasp and final fading away. Still a good solid array of dances on the list ahead, including both Eton *and* Harrow ones for next Friday night as ever is—only at different places, which is the most tactful plan, perhaps, considering the frightful fracases and blood-curdling combats that have occurred before now after the match at Lords!

* *

NOT that dancing depends on the season like other things. And even if all the London dancing places were to shut down there would still be the other ones, like at the country clubs or Murrays' at Maidenhead. At which last, besides the dancing, there's always the perfectly good lawns and places to sit out in, complete with cosy corners behind bushes and things, wherein to conjugate the Dolly Sisters' celebrated song from the *League of Notions*—

I love, thou lovest, he loves,
We love, you love, and they love. . .

Not to mention adjacent landing stage, whence if you will (or he wills, or they will) you may glide silently away in a swift punt for the space of a dance or two, or three, and meditate on the duties of life and all that sort of thing (I don't think) till your hair comes down, and you have to use simply oceans of powder to hide your emotion, what?

"They themselves really won the War"

* *

AND the river's a lovely place to be at or on, too, you know, now that July's here. Maidenhead itself may be *démodé* and the noses of the neighbourhood have rather too much crook to them, but . . . to float languorously along in a punt (propelled by sterner and stronger hands of the sterner and stronger sex) under the lea of those wonderful Cliveden woods where—

Like a shaking of heavenly bells
Is the sound of the leaves,
In the tower of branches blown . . .

to slip softly, swishingly, into one of those backwaters where the river runs quietly, almost without a stream, and paddle along till at last you reach the selected spot and rest amid the faint murmurs of Nature under the midday sun you're safely shaded and sheltered from. . . . To glide back again, having lunched and tea-ed on something, anything, that tastes like nectar and ambrosia, through the gathering shadows of the evening. . . . Is there anything really much more heavenly than this on one of these July days in England now?

* *

BUT always, I suppose, we must wake at last and go back—to the world. And a troubled world, too, these days, with tragedy afoot in Ireland, and crisis on crisis in the near East, and at home, too, murmurs of a general election (once more) close at hand, and the ever-tightening squeeze of what someone calls "the nearer and nearer approach of our financial and industrial ruin." Though, according to our optimistic P.M., in spite of great unemployment and labour unrest, "there is no actual privation among the population of this country," thanks largely to "the self-sacrifices made by the more well-to-do in order to share their better luck with their less fortunate fellow-countrymen."

* *

WELL, well . . . can't say I'd noticed very much of the sharing business going on myself. Must be simply delightful, though, to be an optimist, and positively know for certain that all's for the best in the best of all possible world's, whatever "privation and unrest" may seem to the less fortunate of us to be going on all round—among, incidentally, thousands and thousands of those who had a hand in winning for us the late War. But I suppose our politicians know better. Besides, wasn't it they themselves as a matter of fact (according to themselves) who *really* and truly won the aforesaid War?

With love, yours ever, BLANCHETTE

CORELLI

Get this Continental Habit

If greater quantities of Corelli were consumed in this country it would be all to the good of the race.

WHO, having visited the Continent, has not been immensely impressed by the vivacity of his Continental friends?

There, men (and women, too) sitting in their favourite café, have as their almost inseparable companion, Italy's great national beverage.

Corelli abounds in tonic properties derived in a large measure from the Alpine herbs which are a part of its constituents. Furthermore, Corelli is a great appetiser and a very fine stimulant.

Moreover (and perhaps this is more important than any other factor) Corelli is a wine, and its flavour makes an immediate appeal to the palate.

Drink *more* Corelli, there is health in every glass.

Obtainable from Wine Merchants, Hotels, etc.

Price 4/6 per bottle, 5/3 per litre.

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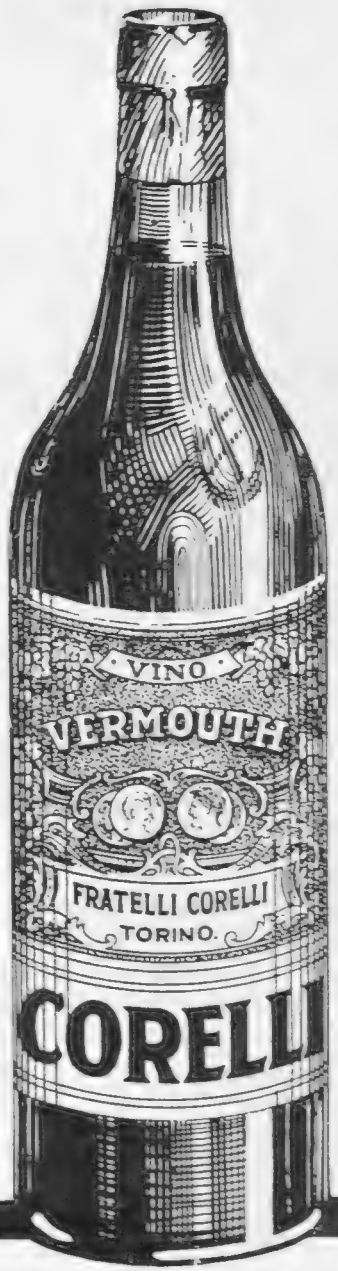


Photograph] THE CHRISTIANIA ROKLUB EIGHT *[L.N.A.*

Winning their heat in the Thames Cup at Henley against the Henley R.C., whom they beat in 7 mins. 7 secs., one second under the previous best time recorded in this event. This record was afterwards beaten by Corpus, Cambridge, who beat Caius, Cambridge, in 7 mins. 6 secs. A new record was also set up by Jesus, Cambridge, in the Wyfolds

SPORTS & PASTIMES

CRICKET

The County Qualification

LAST winter people were clamouring loudly for a hard-and-fast qualification in International Rugby Football. To-day, upon the initiative of Captain P. F. Warner, people are clamouring almost as loudly for a relaxation of the conditions under which a cricketer can qualify to play for a county. The idea is to open the County door wider to young players from Overseas who are at school or at the 'Varsities in England by exempting them from the operation of the two years' rule. Captain Warner's object is without doubt a most laudable one. There can be no two opinions about that. But the question whether the granting of this privilege may not lead to abuses is one which demands the most careful consideration. Nor must it be forgotten that the opening of the door, let us say, of Surrey to a crack player from South Africa must inevitably have the effect of closing it to some player who, if not his equal in skill, is Surrey born and bred.

LAWN TENNIS

The Lycett Episode

IT is fortunate that the pleasant things in sport are long remembered and the unpleasant ones soon forgotten. The Lycett episode at Wimbledon, which aroused so much resentment at the time, has already been more than half obliterated by subsequent and more lasting impressions. For the same reason we are apt to forget that the Lycett episode is not without precedent. There have been others who have violated before now the unwritten law of lawn tennis which enacts that if a player is in a state of such physical exhaustion that he can only keep going by dint of indulging in long pauses for purposes of recuperation between games and sets he should retire.

The Demand for Legislation

I MENTION this because the view has been freely expressed that measures should be taken to prevent a recurrence of the painful spectacle recently witnessed on the Centre Court by legislation. It is contended that the unwritten law which I have outlined above must now be reduced into writing, and that in future we must have a definite pronouncement as to when, and for how long, players may rest during the progress of a match. The Americans, it is pointed out, have a law of this kind, and so should we.

Photograph] THREE OF AMERICA'S BEST *[James Press Agency*

Running before the wind with spinnakers set to port. They are three of the four six-metre yachts which America has sent over to race against the four best in Great Britain for the International Six-Metre Championship. Left to right Sheila (No. 4), Montauk (No. 2), Grebe (No. 3)

Photograph] THE PEMBROKE, CAMBRIDGE, EIGHT *[Topical Press*

reaking the record for the Ladies' Plate in their heat against Trinity, Oxford, whom they beat after a great ruggle by 6 feet in 6 mins. 55 secs., one second faster than the previous best. The conditions last week were all in favour of fast times

REWS AT HENLEY

Is it Necessary?

THERE is no doubt a good deal to be said for this contention, and yet, personally, I would prefer to see things left *in statu quo*. When one thinks of the hundreds and hundreds of gruelling matches which have been played without infringing the unwritten law, and of the very few cases in which it has been transgressed, one feels that in matters relating to the etiquette of the game the players can surely be left to look after themselves, and that it is not really necessary to make them good sportsmen, as it were, by Act of Parliament.

Why Mlle. Lenglen Wins

WHAT is the secret of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen's success? The casual observer, or the seeker after truth in the comments of some of the more perfervid contributors to the literature of lawn tennis, might be tempted to conclude that it lies in her volleying, in which she has no equal among women. But this is by no means "the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

Speed and Accuracy

THE reasons of her success are twofold. The first is her wonderful activity, which enables her to deal at leisure with shots which other women have to make an effort to reach, and to protect herself from being driven out of position. The other reason is her deadly accuracy of aim on the drive. As soon as she has decided upon the spot to which she proposes to send the ball, to that spot it goes with the certainty of a bullet aimed by a King's prize-man at Bisley. It has been said of her by a despairing opponent after a crushing defeat that she can place the ball upon a sixpence

A Word in Season

THERE are in England at the present time a number of girl-players of distinct promise whom it is the fashion to describe in the Press as "budding Lenglens." They are learning, and in some cases have already learnt, to volley, in the fond belief that by so doing they are justifying the appellation. But they can never hope to become Lenglens by volleying alone. They must consolidate their ground play first and strive to acquire that complete control over the ball which Mlle. Lenglen reveals when driving from the region of the base-line. Their volleying may, perhaps, take them far in Doubles; in Singles it can never take them far enough.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE HON. L. H. TENNYSON

Who was chosen to captain the English Cricket Team in the third Test Match against the Australians at Leeds.

Photograph *Bassano, Ltd.*

B. I. C. NORTON

The brilliant young South African lawn tennis player, now resident in England, who distinguished himself so greatly at Wimbledon last week. He is only 21 years old

TENNIS

The Bathurst Cup

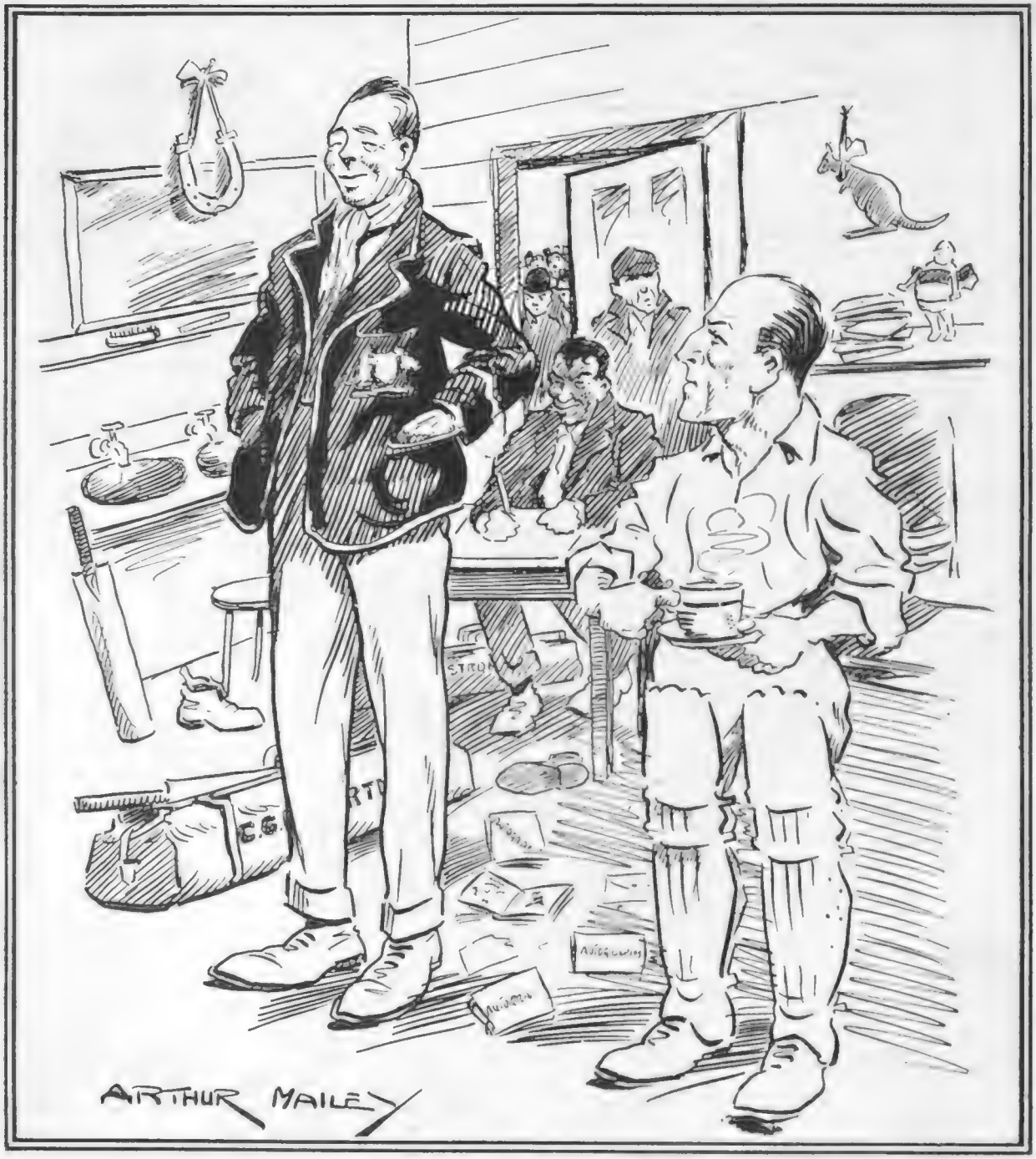
IMITATION is the sincerest flattery. Not long ago there was a good deal of talk about an international competition for amateur golfers on Davis Cup lines—a graceful tribute to the world-wide popularity of lawn tennis. Now, on the initiative

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

of the Countess Bathurst, who has kindly offered to provide the all-important cup, a similar competition for tennis players is mooted. It is interesting to find the devotees of a game which dates back to the sixteenth century, and possibly even earlier, taking a leaf out of the book of the nineteenth century babe, for whose birth it was partly responsible and whose name, with the prefix "lawn," it bears.

Why Not?

TENNIS will never be able, like lawn tennis, to count its players by the thousand. It is, perhaps, *per se*, a finer game, but it will always labour under the disadvantage of being exclusively an indoor game, played on a court of peculiar, and costly, construction. But the Countess Bathurst's idea for enlarging the field of its appeal is the right one. The note of international rivalry in team competition, if properly struck, rings true. It may be asked, "How many nations are there who play tennis to-day?" As a matter of fact, there are only three — England, France, and America. But when the Davis Cup was started there were no more in lawn tennis. America set the ball rolling with England. Other nations, with Australasia ever in the forefront, soon joined in. So the tale of competitors grew until this year, when we have a round of nations competing for the honour of trying to dethrone America from the pinnacle which she at present occupies. Tennis, which has produced a Jay Gould from America, may quite conceivably give us in time men who are comparable in lawn tennis to such as Norton from South Africa, Alonso from Spain, Diemer Kool from Holland, and Shimidzu from far Japan. Why not? H. S. S.



GOOGLIALITIES. BY A. A. MAILEY

Macartney, after scoring 308 at the wonderful rate of 100 runs per hour, came into the dressing room at the tea interval and said to Gregory, "Get my heavy bat, Jack. I think I'll go for the bowling after tea."

There are no more Realistic Reproductions of Genuine Pearls than

Ciro Pearls

To most convincingly demonstrate the truth of the foregoing statement

We will give £500 to any Charitable Institution

if any artificial pearls (no matter what their cost) can be shown to us which prove, on expert opinion, to be more realistic reproductions of the genuine pearl than Ciro's.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a Necklet of No. 1 Quality Ciro Pearls, 16in. long, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings or any other Jewel mounted with Ciro Pearls (complete with case). If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within seven days and we will refund your money.

Other lengths at proportionate rates—Gold clasp 2/6 extra.

Descriptive Booklet No. 7 containing illustrations of all Ciro Pearl jewellery, sent post free.

Other scientific pearls are sometimes bought in the belief that because they are more expensive than Ciro's they must be better.

The error of this is evident as soon as you compare a Ciro and a real pearl necklet, for what better quality can you have than a necklet so realistic in appearance as to be indistinguishable from the genuine?

It is illogical, therefore, and uneconomical to pay more than Ciro prices for an article that cannot possibly look more real or wear better.

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OUR SHOWROOMS ARE ON THE FIRST FLOOR — OVER LLOYD'S BANK

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Jockey Club "Profiteering"?

I HAVE always imagined that racecourse executives made a good thing out of racecards at sixpence a time, and it came as a disagreeable surprise, therefore, to be charged double the price at Newmarket last week. The Jockey Club are not to be thanked for this change. We all know that paper and printing cost a great deal more than was formerly the case, but this jump from sixpence to a shilling will be difficult to justify, and it certainly produced many unfavourable comments last week. It is, of course, only a small matter, but race-goers have all sorts of increasing expenses to pay, and this profiteering in cards is about the last straw. When I have raced in France it has been a pleasure to be handed a racecard upon entering the enclosure. It is one of the things which they do better abroad.

Long Suffering Racegoers

I WAS talking the other day with a well-known New Zealand racing man who is now on a visit to this country. I asked him how the race meetings here compared with those in his own land. He was very emphatic on the subject. "Your meetings are not half so comfortable as ours are," he said, "and what I specially notice is the lack of suitable accommodation for ladies in the principal enclosures." He went on to draw some very unfavourable comparisons, and I had to confess that to a great extent he was perfectly right. There are very few racecourses here from which you can obtain a proper view of the sport from the floor of the rings. The catering, too, leaves a great deal go be desired. We have had several strong complaints lately from our readers regarding the poor quality of the food and service at some of the meetings. It seems to be high time that racecourse executives gave closer attention to their catering arrangements.

A Loss to the Turf

IT was a blow to us all last week when we heard that Humorist was dead. A Derby winner becomes a sort of national horse. Mr. Jack Joel's loss is one that is felt by racing people generally. It cannot be measured merely in pounds, shillings, and pence. We look to our Derby winners to increase the strength of the British Stud, and a horse of Humorist's irreproachable pedigree would surely have been a great acquisition to the list of our leading sires. Mr. Joel's racing luck has been proverbial, but the sudden death of his latest crack presents the other side of the picture. Derby winners are not easy to breed, as the majority of our leading owners have discovered.

By "THE TOUT"

SIR CHARLES NUGENT, BART.

Who trained the 50 to 1 Hunt Cup winner, Illuminator, is the grizzled veteran of a thousand fights, with years of Turf experience and wisdom behind those deep-set eyes. Drumcree's National and other signal victories mark Sir Charles's skill

St. Leger Outlook

THE loss of the Derby winner makes the St. Leger look rather like a two-horse race. The great Doncaster event seems a good thing for the Manton stable. But will its best be Craig an Eran or Lemonora? Of course, if you depend strictly upon this season's form you must place your faith in Lord Astor's colt, who has beaten Lemonora fairly and squarely in the Guineas and the Derby. But the St. Leger calls for better stamina than either of those races, and we know that Lemonora is a great stayer. His performance in the Grand Prix was singularly convincing. He travelled appreciably further than most of the others in the big Longchamp race, but at the finish he won in very easy style. No doubt the French three-year-olds are a moderate lot this season, but it always takes a good colt to win the Grand Prix, and Lemonora unquestionably added considerably to his reputation by his stylish victory. Craig an Eran may stay as well as his stable companion for all I know, but he has yet to demonstrate his ability to do so. Westward Ho is, in my view, the most likely of the St. Leger outsiders, but Fred Darling is unable to do much with him at present owing to the hard ground.

Pondoland's Form

CONSIDERING the prolonged drought the July course at Newmarket afforded excellent going last week, and we witnessed a great deal of highly interesting racing. It was surprising to see Pondoland cut up so badly in the July Stakes, and I am sure that the running does not represent anything like his true form. I suspect that his owner and trainer made a mistake in running him, for the Newmarket people tell me that the colt had done very little work since Ascot. I advise you, therefore, not to be in a hurry to condemn Pondoland on account of this failure.

In Fine Fettle

LEMBACH came out in splendid form. He cantered down to the post in great style and came back just as handsomely. His success speaks well for Lord Jersey's Scamp, who beat him so decisively at Ascot. Orpheus's victory in the Duke of Cambridge Handicap was one of the most sparkling performances of the week, and encouraged Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen to bid many thousands for yearlings the same evening.

The Week's Racing

THE present racing week will be comparatively quiet, but next week we shall have Sandown and its always attractive Eclipse Stakes. This looks like falling to **Craig an Eran.**

"Signals of Security."

"Always Imitated—Never Equalled."

The Sporting Life.

"Mr. Douglas Stuart's rules are eminently just and fair, and not once in the course of many years have we had a single justifiable complaint against him or his metnods of business."

PALL MALL GAZETTE

"Mr. Douglas Stuart's name stands for all that is best in the Racing World."

TUESDAY RACING & FOOTBALL OUTLOOK 2d

"Mr. Douglas Stuart has been given the title of 'Double Event King.' He returned upwards of £100,000 over last year's Cambridgeshire, and it can be stated that not a single complaint has been received from any of our readers who do business with him."

The TATLER

"In looking for the right sort of Turf Accountant, I should select Douglas Stuart."

The Globe
AND TRAVELLER FOUNDED 1803

"Mr. Douglas Stuart has earned the reputation of being the greatest Turf Accountant in the World."

"By FAR the Greatest Turf Accountant in the World."
—*Sporting Life.*

DOUGLAS STUART

NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON

(Member of ALL Principal Sporting Clubs)

ORIGINATOR OF

NO LIMIT

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PLACE BETTING

When Favourite Starts "Odd on" and

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Clients attending Racecourses may wire instructions up to the "OFF"

Write to-aay and open a

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"Mr. Douglas Stuart is a pioneer and introducer of new ideas. Besides, he has owned a good horse or two, and the public like to see his colours in front. It is permissible to state that no horses have run more straightforwardly or more consistently than the horses owned by Mr. Douglas Stuart."

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"Douglas Stuart is as safe as the Bank of England."

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"I strongly recommend my readers to entrust their future business with the exceedingly enterprising, liberal and reliable Turf Agency conducted by Mr. Douglas Stuart."

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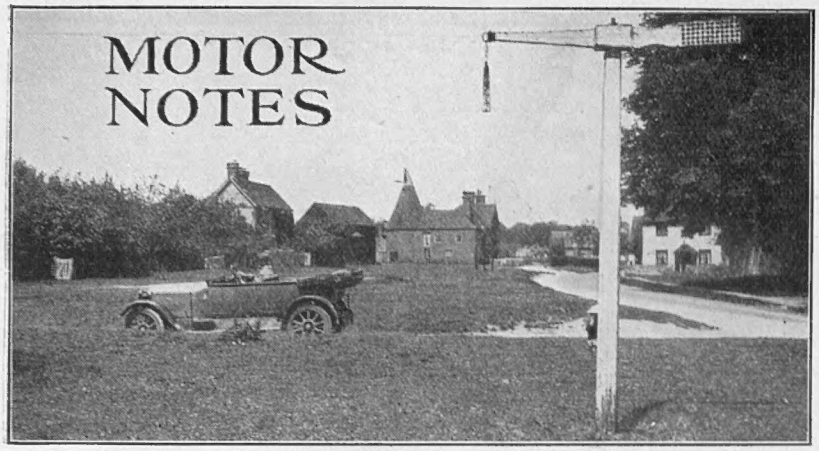
"Douglas Stuart has stood the test of time and of honesty. He can still proudly point to an old 'Sporting Times' testimony that 'Duggie Never Owes'."

MOTOR NOTES



IN THE HEART OF THE COUNTRY
A 12 h.p. Rover car in Kent at the old Quintain Post, Offham

BROOKLANDS is really getting popular with a vastly growing number of race-goers, especially as not only are the races receiving splendid support from a section of the trade, but quite a number of amateurs are racing regularly. I wonder, though, what are the feelings of a would-be competitor who sends in his entries for four of the chief races and finds himself in the "reserve list" in each of them. The "reserve," I may state for the uninitiated, is allowed to race provided one of the six entries that have been accepted does not start, and as every race for the Brooklands programme for Saturday, June 25, had two or three reserve cars in the big car events, these poor "reserve" men tuned up their cars and practised "just hoping," fortunately not all in vain. But I must say that I think it is a mistake to mix cars such as Rolls-Royce and A.C. in the same race, as the handicaps do not flatter the more expensive ones, and the comparison is not fair to them as a selling proposition. For speed on Brooklands track and on the road are two entirely different affairs, as many a buyer has discovered to his chagrin. While on this topic congratulations are due to the A.J.S. motor-cycles, who won both the Junior and the Senior T.T. Races in the Isle of Man recently—a splendid performance.

OPTIMISTS in motoring taxations are hoping that one day the old petrol tax will be revived in place of the present h.p. impositions. Well, the axiom of the optimist is to hope for the best, but I doubt if they will see the fruition of their hopes, from the simple fact the Government Department concerned has extracted the cash they needed by the method they propounded very successfully, and, as we all know, "nothing succeeds so well as success." And, grumble as we may, there is still every hope that more and more cars are being put upon the roads every week. Perhaps not in quite the same quantity as the trade expected to sell, but here, again, they entirely misjudged the true market position of the car-buying world.

* * *

FOR that reason has, in a roundabout way, something to do with the opposition to the dual motor show at the White City and Olympia, which is again proposed as a means to get over the difficulty of getting every car in the annual motor show in November. No wonder, perhaps, if one comes to think, that there was a great reluctance in publishing the number of the public that attended both places. Perhaps we shall see a split in the S.M.M.T. over this question, as at a recent meeting a motion was carried that those firms who were given space at the White City last year should not apply for space this year unless they could get into Olympia itself. Personally, I think that a show

(Continued on page 48)

THE SMART HEELS for SMART PEOPLE

The O'Sullivan Girls at the Polo Match.

THE smartest people wear rubber heels, but you would never guess it because those heels are O'Sullivan's—fitted by the bootmaker — part and parcel of the shoe—and obvious only to the wearer's sense of comfort.

If you secretly long for rubber-heel comfort yet dislike the 'look' of them, let your bootmaker fit O'Sullivan's. Then you get comfort—and peace of mind as well.

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ANY BOOTMAKER WILL FIT THEM
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TRIUMPH
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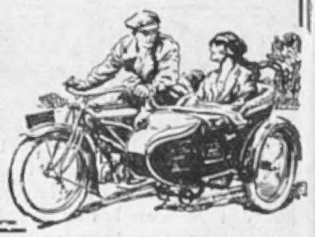

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Arrol-Johnston LIMITED

MANUFACTURERS OF MOTOR VEHICLES & AERO ENGINES

DUMFRIES

IN REPLY QUOTE REFERENCE | O & S WL/AMcK. Date 18th May, 1921.

H.L. Richardson, Esq.,
Messrs. The Dunlop Rubber Co.,
46, North Wallace Street,
G L A S G O W.

Dear Mr. Richardson.

A customer of ours, Mr.G.G. Coghill, 75/77, Colmore Row, Birmingham, writes under date the 17th inst., as follows:-

"Incidentally I would just like to
"mention that I have four Dunlop
"Magnum tyres fitted. I have done
"over 7,000 miles and I have not
"yet had a puncture. In fact the
"tyres look good for a few thousand
"miles yet."

The car Mr. Coghill is using is a 15.9 Arrol-Johnston type 'A', and I thought you would be interested in his remarks.

Yours faithfully,
For ARROL-JOHNSTON LIMITED

Punctures—no relation to Dunlop Magnums

TRADE MARK

DUNLOP
TYRES OF THE
MAGNUM TYPE

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

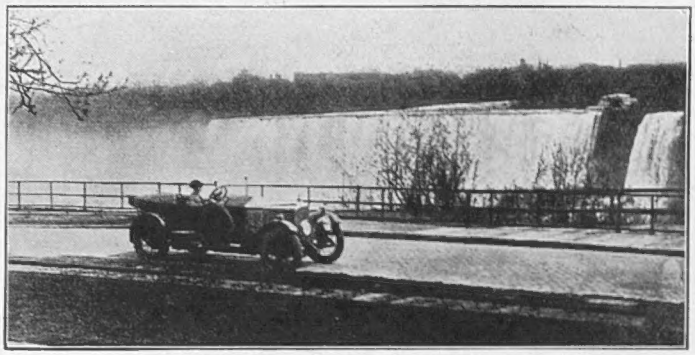
for cars up to 16 h.p. one year and from 16 h.p. to 60 h.p. and upwards the next year, each held alternately at Olympia, would meet the situation, as there is very little alteration in design and general construction of so-called "new" models nowadays in the well-established makes.

* * *

IF a new car came into being in a year in which the annual motor show of its class was not held it would not stop its business, as it could be exhibited when it liked if it did not join the Society that year. Old Man Ford has not troubled about our motor show for some years, but he seems to sell his cars without its aid, and so could any other new car if it really had better points than the others. And it would be a very bold man to-day who introduced a new car unless it really was IT in its class.

* * *

IT seems very funny to motorists in England to learn that the 2,000 tons of German benzol delivered under the clauses of the Peace Treaty are going begging in France while British motorists cannot get sufficient supplies of this fuel here. The French Government did not get any bids to purchase this lot when they offered it, so it may be mixed with alcohol and petrol and sold as a "national" fuel. The joke is intensified by a further large supply of German benzol being due for delivery shortly, so, as there is no room for storing this until some of the other consignment is shifted, I draw attention to our Slough friends, as here is another chance of a big deal—and a big profit, too, if handled rightly.



THE BROADWALK AT NIAGARA

A picture of the Niagara Falls with a 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall-Velox car in the foreground. We refrain from making the obvious joke about "rapids"

SIX months under the new road licence tax and the total income for five months wafted out of the pockets of motorists to the Revenue is £8,424,600, so we have some idea what our pockets are suffering from when the trade asks us: "What about your new car for next year?" Roughly, there are 226,000 motor-carriages in private use, 370,000 motor-cycles, and 120,000 commercial motor-vehicles on our roads to-day, all paying taxes. Besides these there are 96,500 hackney motor-cabs and buses, as well as 10,160 motor-ploughs, etc., and 1,400 motor-tractors. Some world of wheels, is it not?

* * *

I NOTICE, too, that though Scotland and Ireland are always being boosted in one way or another, good old England and Wales coughed up £7,922,650 to Scotland's £811,250 and Ireland's £16,100. Of course, no one pays taxes in Ireland if they can help it, and, so far, collection of the road licences there is a farce, hence the ridiculously small amount retrieved from that part of the British Isles. But with all the talking about the popularity of the light car, the returns furnished by the Ministry of Transport reveal the fact that the average tax paid per annum is £17 6*s.* and £5 12*s.* per quarter, so that the 20 h.p. and upwards motor-carriage is clearly the popular vehicle, which is a point our manufacturers might well bear in mind.

OLD HY.

IRVING

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SIR HENRY IRVING. 1838—1905. The most prominent English actor of the close of the Victorian period. First appeared in London in 1866, and his first distinct Metropolitan success was as Digby Grand in "The Two Roses" at the Vaudeville in 1870. His record covered a brilliant series of productions, including "The Bells," "Charles I." and "Eugene Aram." Later came some notable Shakesperian impersonations.

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